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The Cover

It's all very well having a wife with a flair for effect, but Zelinski's cover husband can't yet see himself enjoying a breakfast kipper in a forest of bottles or Chinese lanterns. He shouldn't worry so much. After all, he is the first to show envious friends the tropical forest on the landing and the sunlit brick wall in the hall. And when the compliments begin to flow, his clever wife never forgets to add those endearing, magical words: "Of course, my husband put it all up. . . ."

Free Speech

JOHN BULL and ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

New Police

WHAT has happened to the traditionally good relationship between public and police? I say that it no longer exists.

Not so many years ago, the policeman was regarded as the citizen's friend. We automatically thought of him as one of ourselves—a man paid by us to do a job on behalf of us all.

But now, even the most law-abiding tend to look upon the constable with reserve, if not hostility.

The young man on the beat does not have the patience of his predecessors. Often he is downright arrogant. And this is not a localized matter—I have noticed it all over the country.

Perhaps the vast amount of extra duties—such as taking car numbers—are responsible. Or maybe it is just part of the general decline in standards of conduct.—A. N. K., Broomhill, Sheffield.

Non-stop Swan

Lilian Botterill's article on amateur dramatics (John Bull, September 13) reminds me of the time I saw a London performance of the *Black Swan* sequence from the ballet *The Swan Lake*.

In the finale it is intended that the hero shall climb on to the back of the swan, which then glides off the stage—towed by some unseen mechanical device.

On this occasion, the swan appeared on schedule. But it did not wait to pick up the hero. This poor man finished his routine just in time to see the swan's tail vanish into the wings. But with massive self-control he asked the delighted audience: "Does anyone know when the next swan goes?"—D. J. REAY, Muckamoe Garden Village, Co. Antrim.

Sinking Gin

I know of a peppery colonel who arrived on leave from Germany with two bottles of gin in excess of the duty-free quota.

When told he would have to pay duty on them, he rushed to the side of the ship and threw them into the harbour, where they sank.

"There," he shouted at the Customs officer, "you can't charge me now!"

But the official said: "Pay up. You brought them within the three-mile limit." — J. H., Peebleshire, Scotland.

"That colonel was not only peppery—he was also rather lucky," says the Customs and Excise Board. "He could have been charged before the magistrates with obstruction. And the officer was quite right to demand payment on the basis of the three-mile limit."

What's Best?

Civil Defence has recently been brought to public notice by a recruiting campaign. I have noticed that all their transport is painted a lovely shade of green. I cannot believe that it is thought necessary to camouflage the vehicles. And since white is the best colour protection against radiation, why is it not used? — J. R. WHITEHOUSE, Darley Avenue, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, 21.

"White gives little extra protection," says a C.D. official.

The Answer

People continue to argue about the colour bar. Meantime this picture—taken during a Civil Defence exercise at Whitefield, Manchester—seems to have a message of its own.—DR. E. MACDONALD, Prestwich, Manchester.

Smart Stables

Your reader is wrong when he accuses people who live in converted stables and old houses of being snobs (Free Speech, October 11). Rather are they showing their individualism.

When modern amenities are installed, such buildings can make lovely homes. I know because I live in one of them. My lounge is as large as the entire ground floor of one of today's "cake box" houses and I have the most modern methods of cooking and heating.

Anyway, what is so attractive about rows of postwar houses, all of them exactly alike? — J. E. BARNES, Athelington, Diss, Norfolk.

Pram Menace

A woman with a pram is about to cross the street. She stands on the edge of the kerb with the pram and baby pushed well out on to the road. . . .

That happens regularly and it is an invitation to tragedy. Cannot a special kerb drill be introduced to protect both these women and the next generation? — RALPH MURPHY, Woodlawn, Cherryvalley, Belfast.

"Women with prams present a special safety problem," says the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. "When crossing roads they tend to forget that the pram protrudes several feet in front of them. But ordinary kerb drill is adequate—if only they would use it."

No Rebate

In common with fifteen per cent of the consumers in Leicester, I read my own electricity meter. This must result in a considerable saving of the Board's time and money.

But what do we get in return? There is not a penny rebate when the account is paid.—C. O. ARTHUR, Laurel Road, Leicester.

"Consumers in Leicester are sent an advice of when the meter reader intends calling," says the East Midlands Electricity Board. "If the proposed time is inconvenient, they are asked to read the meter themselves. Thus consumers need not have officials on their premises and they can be satisfied as to the accuracy of the reading. This makes claims for a rebate unreasonable."

Price Probes

There are arbitration tribunals before whom wage claims have to be justified. So why not price tribunals? Their job would be to determine whether rises in prices are similarly justified.

They would, I hope, safeguard the long-suffering housewife against exploitation by shopkeepers and wholesalers, who rocket prices on any pretext.—H. SLATER, Pinetree Road, Hollinwood, Oldham.

Cold Feet

My nephew, well over six feet tall, had only one complaint when he toured Scotland recently — the shortness of the beds.

He was told that beds manufactured in Scotland are inches shorter than those made in England. Does

this mean that Scots are smaller than Englishmen? — MRS. A. SOWERSBY, West Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

"Bed bases in Scotland are usually five feet six inches long, compared to six feet two inches in England," says a bedding manufacturer. "This is just a matter of national taste."

Latest estimates give the average height of a Scotsman as five feet seven inches. The Englishman is half an inch taller.

Same Number

Why not give all police stations throughout the country the same phone number? If that were arranged, persons requiring the police direct need only know the exchange.—J. NELSON, Brookbank Terrace, Carluke, Lanarkshire.

"There are technical difficulties because the total number of digits per call number varies between exchanges," says the G.P.O.

Tickle Cure

Like your Aldershot reader (Free Speech, October 4) I suffered from being ticklish. But when called up, I met a medical orderly who was deeply interested in healing by hypnosis.

After a brief test to see if I were suitable material, he gave me a course of hypnotic treatment which completely cured me. That was ten years ago.—J. W., Penicuik, Midlothian.

"An exceptional case," says a

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

nerve specialist. "Hypnotic treatment does not usually give permanent results."

Flag Message

While visiting Holland, my husband and I passed a traffic island where a flag was flying.

Our coach driver told us that the Dutch used to announce road casualty figures each month on public notice boards—just as we sometimes do.

But deaths became so numerous that they decided to use flags. They fly normally if nobody has been killed in the area that month. But they are lowered to half-mast if someone has perished. Now the death rate has fallen.

It is surely worth a thought in England.—MRS. EDITH A. TYLER, Spalton Road, Parkgate, Rotherham.

Remembrance Day

The Queen has announced that November 9 is to be Remembrance Sunday. But why not revert to November 11 as Remembrance Day, as was the custom between the two world wars?

The significance of the former date lay in the fact that there was a solemn interruption in the routine of an ordinary working day.

Now think of Remembrance Sundays since 1945. Those near an open-air service have no doubt halted. But elsewhere some have paused uncertainly, some have carried on with whatever they were doing. Only a minority has stopped to think.

What if industry is dislocated? We could afford it between the wars. And how much, in money, is an act of faith worth?—A. J. BLAIR, Heversham Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

The Reason

The reason one never sees a female scarecrow (Free Speech, October 11) is because women have to wear their own clothes out. They cannot afford to let scarecrows do it for them. — W. S., Mannings Heath, Horsham.

No Cheques

As a self-employed person, I went to the local post office—where I am well known—and tried to pay for my National Insurance stamps

NEXT WEEK—another world best-seller

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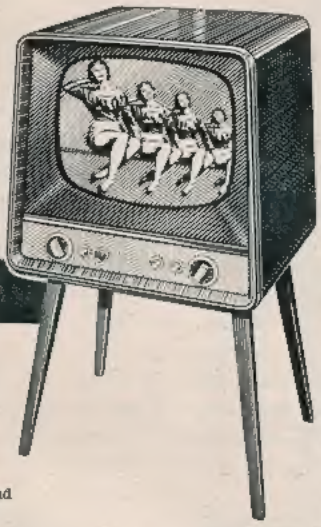

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Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● The new multi-purpose saw table by the makers of Bridges power tools will help home handymen to do crosscutting of any width or length, rip-sawing, mitreing at any angle, and many other woodworking jobs. The saw table is made with a high-grade alloy top, with sheet metal legs. It measures 21 in. by 14 in. overall, and it costs £4 19s. 6d.

● Faded upholstery can often be revived by sponging it with a solution of one tablespoon of ammonia to a pint of hot water.

● Starting screws in awkward places is no problem with the Turner screwholding screwdriver. A specially constructed tube on the shaft of this screwdriver grips the screw by spring action to start it. When the screw has taken hold, thumb pressure on the circular metal shield at the top of the shaft releases the screw, and you finish screwing it in the normal way. The Turner screwdriver is made in three sizes, at 6s. 6d., 6s. 8d. and 7s. each, and is available from most tool shops.

● When washing linoleum, do not flood it with water. It is better to wash it a little at a time with a damp cloth or sponge mop. Too much water will eventually damage the surface.

● For the homemaker who is *not* a do-it-yourself addict, a pocket tool kit is probably all that is necessary in the house. The new Bimbo 12-in-1 kit will fill the bill admirably. Not much bigger than a small cigar, the Bimbo kit includes, besides basic gimlets and screwdrivers, such less likely tools as bottle opener, screwdriver for Phillips recessed head screws and wire stripper. The only item missing is that old faithful, the thing for taking stones out of horses' hoofs; instead there are five sizes of spanners. The Bimbo 12-in-1 pocket tool kit costs 8s. 6d. from tool merchants.

● After using a scrubbing brush, store it away with the bristles downwards, to allow the water to drain away. If you leave it the other way up, the water will drain into the wooden back and eventually rot it.

● Good news for owners of potential Genevieves is a do-it-yourself polyester filler for cracks and dents in car bodies. The Kenilworth Manufacturing Co., of West Drayton, Middlesex, has brought out a new material called Kwikfill, which consists of two materials, a blue filler and a yellow hardener, which combined together make a medium green putty-like substance which fills to any depth, hardening in 30 min. or less. It can then be sanded down and painted to match the rest of the metal to which it has been applied. Kwikfill can also be used for other surfaces, and can be mixed to regulate its hardening time according to your requirements. It is waterproof, and costs 12s. a pound, from the manufacturers or any branch of Halfords.

CAN I HELP?

I like to hear about other people's homes. If you have homemaking or handyman ideas to share with other readers please send them to me, with photographs or rough drawings where possible. If you have a homemaking problem I shall be glad to help you. Write to me, Roger Smithells, c/o "John Bull and Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Free Speech

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with a cheque. But the clerk said, "No cheques can be accepted." Why?—B. A. O., Southport, Lancs.

"The clerk was right," says the G.P.O. "Large organizations can arrange for cheques to be accepted when buying National Insurance stamps. But this arrangement does not usually apply to individuals. Licences can be bought and bank deposits made by cheque."

The Fade-out

When wearing my reading glasses I cannot hear a word people say. But the deafness vanishes when I put on my long-distance glasses.

My hearing also fails when in a dark street.—F. LADE, Wood Rise, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

"To some extent, all the perceptive senses work together," says an ear, nose and throat specialist. "It is not unusual to find that where one sense is temporarily impaired, the others suffer, too."

Cold Comfort

I know a fervent football fan who often stands through a match in pouring rain. When his team wins, and he is happy, such weather does not affect him. But he often catches a cold if his team loses.

Is there any proven connection between low spirits and resistance to the common cold? — GEORGE CAMERON, Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11.

"Very probably there is a connection," says the Common Cold Research Unit. "But, so far, we have not been able to prove it."

School Idols

A teacher at my son's grammar school discovered that eleven out of thirty-three pupils took lucky charms with them when they sat a recent eleven-plus examination. This is about the usual proportion, he says.

This idolatry is deplorable in a Christian country. — A. L. P., Durham.

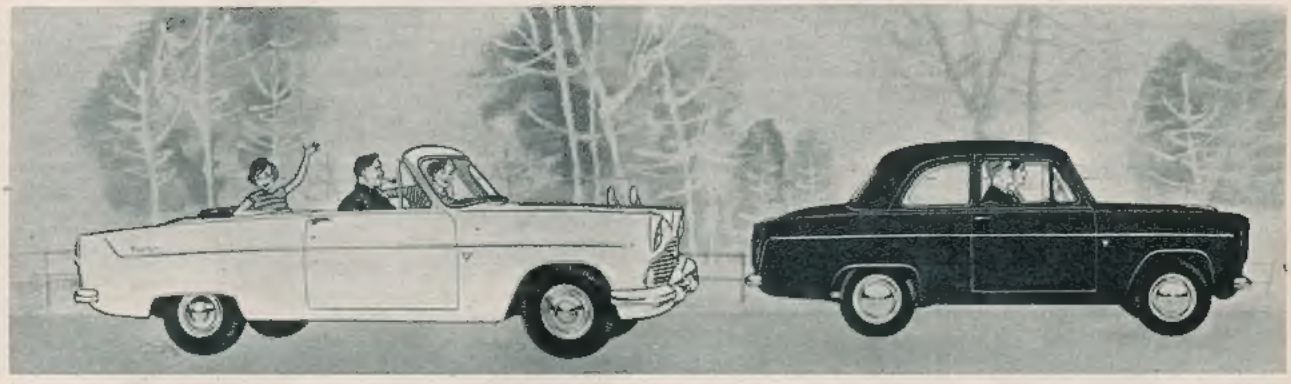
Air Plight

It is almost impossible to puncture tubeless tyres, and they maintain pressure better than the older sort. But why are they made only for motor vehicles? They would be a boon to cyclists, too — DAVID ROBERTS, St. Michael's Road, Farnborough, Hants.

"They can't be used on wheels with wire spokes because the rims are not air-tight," says a tyre manufacturer. "Otherwise, we would be glad to oblige."

At Earls Court . . . In Dealers' Showrooms . . .

On the World's roads . . .



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FORD 17 MODELS STRONG

by ARTHUR MAYSE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

Queen of Cedar Valley

She was lovely, she was wilful—and her reign began with a kiss so daring that it brought her a year of terror

THE trouble started at our annual Community Day jamboree at Samiston—a show we've built into just about the biggest affair of its kind in the Canadian North-west. Jule Tanner had been crowned Miss Cedar Valley and the loggers' sports were half-way through when I eased the police car into my space by the official stand. The crowd was noisy, the late August sun blazed down on the fairground, and the spar tree rigged for the high climbing event towered over it.

Watching for trouble before it breaks is a policeman's habit. When I spotted fiery hair in the lee of a newly arrived jeep, I got out of my car and walked over. I could be wrong; it was four years since Billy Burdett had lit out for the Glory Hole country a jump ahead of an assault charge. Then the logger glanced up. It was Billy.

HE straightened from strapping on his climbing-irons and clumped towards me. The rigger's belt with its trailing line sagged on his hips.

"Damn' if it isn't Chief Kelsey!" We shook hands. "Are you still nursing that warrant, Chief?"

"Charge withdrawn," I told him. "I'm glad to see you, Burdett." And I was. Even when he'd been the number one thorn in my flesh, I'd thought better of Billy than of certain others, like Vince Morant, for instance. "It's been peaceful since you left us," I said. "Let's keep things that way, eh?"

"Sure, Chief. Sure." But he spoke absently, looking past me. "Well, now," he said softly. "So my girl made it Little Miss Cedar Valley. . . . You know, I always figured I'd see her up there, one day."

Jule Tanner was another of those who'd added grey hairs to my head. She was turned eighteen, a slim honey-blonde with her own car and already a couple of magistrates' endorsements on her licence. She was spoiled, she was wilful; she was every bit as stubborn as her father, Bruce Tanner, Samiston's perennial mayor and top brass of Crown Lake Forest Products.

And to a small-town chief constable like me, who likes peace in his parish, it was worry enough that Vince Morant should be stalking her.

"Now look, Burdett," I said. "If you're entertaining any notions there, forget them. Jule's not your girl. She hangs too high on the tree for the likes of you."

Billy, turning away towards the high climbing, gave me his lazy grin. "They say top apples are the sweetest, Chief."

Billy was a local product, but the thin applause as he went towards the tree showed that little was expected of him.

Billy flipped his belt-line around the fir butt. The starter's gun slammed and he started up. In seconds I knew we'd guessed wrong, that none of the glamour boys had touched the time Billy Burdett was clocking.

High in air, Billy slipped his line and swung straight on over the guy-wire crown. He did a handstand on the top. A woman started screaming.

In contest climbing, a highrigger drops down his tree in a series of dare-devil jumps. But I had never seen any spar jumped as that one was, so fast and so recklessly. Billy walked off with the keys to a new car in his pocket, and the champion's silver-mounted belt in his hand.

He didn't walk far. He swaggered to where Miss Cedar Valley watched with her attendants. He mounted the stand, spurs crunching, and slipped the glittering belt around her. "Think that'll hold?" I heard him say.

I stared. Jule smiled at him. She did more than that. She put her hands on his shoulders and, with the crowd cheering and Vince Morant glowering and her father strangling the mike in his fist, she reached up and kissed Billy Burdett on the mouth.

WHEN I saw Billy next, some few hours later, in the Lotus Café on Water Street, he was cold sober, staring at his hands on the table top.

"A good show, kid," I said to him. "The first part, anyhow."

He said, not looking up: "Constable Kelsey, will you kindly go to hell?"

I settled opposite him. He'd the air of a boy who had taken a bruising fall.

"I warned you, Burdett," I told him. "That top apple hangs high."

He was wearing a flashy new suit and his silk shirt must have set him back a day's pay. He did look up then, the toughly handsome brown face almost haggard.

"All right," he said harshly. "I'll tell you, for laughs."

I lit my cigar and sat studying him while my coffee cooled and his bitter voice ran on.

"I called at her house tonight, Chief, and I parked that car at the kerb. My shoes were shined and you could see your face in my intentions.

"Her old lady, her stepmother, answered when I rang. She looked at me, the frozen-face witch—just looked at me. She knew who I was; the whole town knew Billy Burdett. I asked for Jule with my hat in my hand, and she still looked at me. Then she said, 'Are you sure you have the right address, Mr. Burdett? And the right street?' "

Billy fumbled for cigarettes. The fingers that held the match shook.

"Oh, she trimmed me to size. One slash did it. I turned and went down the steps. I was right back where I'd started, the Burdett kid with patched pants and no money for the movies."

IT had been like that with him. He'd been an orphan sent out from the Old Country. The folks he'd landed with, natural skintlints, had used him poorly. What money he saw in those years he earned by odd-jobbing around Samiston after school and on Saturdays, and there was no evidence that the MacGavins let him keep his take.

Life didn't hold much for Billy Burdett till he took off for the logging woods at the ripe age of sixteen, leaving a grade nine teacher with a bent nose, and me with that assault charge which was never pressed.

There was plenty I could have said to him now. I should have been relieved that he hadn't got anywhere with Jule. But I was sorry for him.

As it happened, I got no chance to say anything. Billy was looking past me with a tensing of his shoulders and a quick widening of his eyes. I turned, and Jule Tanner stood in the doorway, the blue night behind her. She was dressed for dancing—a sight to set a young man dreaming and an old man sighing for his youth.

"It was the right street, Billy," she said softly. "And the right address."

Billy got up. I saw them in the doorway, the big logger in the flashy suit and the slender, fair girl with her hand light on his arm. A minute or so later, I heard a car pull away.

Billy had left his cigarette burning. I stubbed it and headed back for the station. I'd been there perhaps ten minutes when my phone rang. It was Bruce Tanner and he was roaring mad.

"You fetch her home, Kelsey," he wound up. "And run that hoodlum out of this town!"

"I'll do what I can, Mayor Tanner——" I began.

His rough voice bulldozed across me. "You do it, Kelsey! I've felt for some time that you're a luxury we can manage without. The R.C.M.P. would police Samiston cheaper and a sight better. You break that up, hear?" The receiver crashed in my ear.

Well, we're about the last of the provincial towns to keep our own local force, and at sixty-plus a cop doesn't too easily find another berth. I got in the patrol car and set out to locate the pair.

I worked the usual haunts, but failed to spot Billy's car in any of them. Finally I dropped in at a dinner-and-dance place called the Miramar, a middling respectable spot. There I got my first lead.

"That's right, Chief," the owner told me. "They were here, Matter of fact, I was scared we were in for trouble, Vince Morant and a few of his crowd tried to start something."

"So?"

"No panic. Burdett surprised me. He wouldn't play along. He and Jule drove off."

I started back up Circle Hill. Half-way up, parked in the open, was Billy's new car. He and Jule were leaning on the wall, watching a

Jule Tanner appeared in the doorway with blue night behind her. She was a sight to set a young man dreaming and an old man sighing for his youth

Queen of Cedar Valley

continued from page 8

moonlit sea. I heard their voices, quietly murmuring and, when they turned, I knew his worship the mayor could have spared his blood pressure.

Jule greeted me with laughter in her light voice. "Bless you and keep you, Chief. If I come quietly, may I work the siren?"

I said to them: "Give me a break, you two. Go home, will you?" And to Billy: "Call in at my office when you've said good night."

Billy came, as I'd expected him to. "Well?" I said.

"I'm going to marry her, Chief." He drove the words at me, flat and hard. "She always was the one. I knew it in a dim kind of way when I took care of that cradle-snatching Romeo at the school. Today clinched it. Her folks can't change it. You can't. Nobody can.

"We're not in a hurry. Don't get us wrong! We don't want to start out in some logging camp married quarters. She'll have a home as good as her people's. A church wedding too."

He stood smiling, boy and man in a curious blend. "I'm asking a couple of favours, Chief. I'd like you to sell my prize car and bank the money. When the day comes, I want you for my best man. Right now, I'd like a police car behind me for a couple of miles out of town. Seems Vince Morant had plans for the Community Day dance. I'd sooner not start by fighting that tomcat."

I KNEW that Morant—he'd be Morant Construction Company one day—would never call Billy Burdett out alone. He followed us with a carload of pals, and I judged they'd boosted their bravery with drink. But they didn't follow far. I was able to drop behind at the foot of Circle Hill, and watch the tail-lights of Billy's jeep dwindle north.

Jule went to the University of British Columbia soon after, and I didn't see either of them again till late November, when Billy Burdett blew into my office and started unloading his pockets on my desk.

"Hell's bells, boy," I asked him. "Which bank have you robbed?"

"No bank," he told me with the lazy grin. "Just work, Chief. Real hard work. Take care of it for me, will you? I have a man to see."

"About what?"

"Our Christmas present," he said. "Jule's and mine. We're buying it early. Tomorrow I'll be a boss logger."

He walked out, leaving more cash money on my desk than my job pays in two years. As it reached me on the grapevine that same morning, Billy had saved three months' pay in the woods, upped it playing camp blackjack, then come down and raided the big weekend card game at Forty-mile. They'd let him in, thinking to teach a pup his manners, but Billy's luck was still high. He walked out two nights and a day later with all their money.

The day after he called on me I heard he'd taken over a small logging outfit in the foothills. . . .

CHRISTMAS EVE brings me a good portion of my year's smokes. I looked in at the Miramar, and was about to leave with another box of cigars when I saw Billy and Jule slow-waltzing.

The last dance I'd stumbled through was thirty years before, but when the chance came I nodded to Billy and took his girl away from him. She guarded her feet well and she was light in my arms as a drifting feather.

"Grab him," I told her. "Take him home. Keep after your dad till you get his okay, then marry the boy quick. You're a lot too young and you're both green. But you'll make do together."

"And we won't apart, Chief?" She was smiling, dreamy-eyed.

"Not for long," I told her. "Listen to me, Jule. Your fellow's in trouble. He doesn't know it yet, but he is. If you want it to last, do as I say."

"It will last." Somebody was tapping my shoulder, but she stayed in my arms. "I want another year of university at least, and I want to leave him free. He has enough to handle for a while without a wife." Her lips brushed my cheek. "We'll make it, don't worry."

I surrendered her then, to Vince Morant. For a moment I stood by Billy, where he lounged smiling and easy.

"You know, Chief," he said to me, "I could be sorry for that fellow. Almost."

I wished him Merry Christmas and left them happy there. . . .

WHAT smashed it? I had that over with myself later, but could reach no easy answer.

Not Jule's father, Bruce Tanner. He'd tried hard for a while, then stopped. And at that point I had begun to read the writing on the wall. He knew what Billy Burdett was up against with his shoe-string logging outfit in country where the best of men and gear are none too good and hold-ups are frequent.

The tough contract Billy had snatched at so brashly dragged heavier each week. By mid-February his working capital was milked dry; he couldn't raise even enough cash to meet a payroll as small as his.

Nor was that all. The Irish temperament that flared his hopes too high and made his depressions too black also worked against the boy. If they'd married, he'd have had his girl there to steady him, and probably Bruce Tanner would have grudged out some help for his daughter's sake. That could have made the difference. . . .

I don't like to remember it, I won't linger on it. In the last week of February, when the mountain road was a running creek and Billy was played out from strain and worry, he drowsed at the wheel of his loaded truck, waking to jump out a split second before it looped five hundred feet into the canyon.

That finished him. He left the last of his hopes there and, getting drunker at each stop, hitched into Samiston. By bad luck I missed him and he blundered out to the Tanner place.

It's an easy guess what happened. Jule was home for the weekend. If her assurance had been deeper, if she'd been older, she might have handled matters. But she'd seen what was shaping and she was worried, frightened, perhaps even at that point disillusioned enough to convince herself that she wanted to finish it between them.

It was worse than a quarrel. Jule's stepmother was there, of course, icily hostile as she had been from the start. And the end came when Bruce Tanner crashed in on them with his loud mouth saying, "I told you so!"

Billy went on the booze at the Lotus. Somebody phoned me from there. I picked Billy up and dumped him in my room at the Seaview Hotel. That was late Saturday evening. Then I had a call from Jule's father.

When I got in again at six next morning with blood soaking my coat and shirt Billy was gone and I had more to think about than the troubles of a failed dreamer.

As I pieced it together, Billy and Jule had planned to go dancing, a date made two weeks before they broke up. Jule went—still hurt, still red-hot angry but with Vince Morant.

They spent an hour at the Miramar. They touched at Forty-mile, where Morant took on a couple of drinks while Jule stayed in the car. She was scared, I think, at this point in her Saturday night, seeing her escort in a clearer light, realizing precisely how much he had read into her spell as Billy Burdett's girl, and what he expected of her.

Morant must have been a disappointed and angry man when, sometime between two and two-thirty, he slammed his car, on a wet road, into the Circle Hill corkscrew. On the third bend they skidded into the trees.

I was the one who found them. I'd had another of those calls from his worship the mayor. . . .

"Lend a hand," I remember ordering Morant. He was jammed back of the wheel, but as far as I could gather, unhurt. "Help me with her."

I'll never forget his answer. "The hell with her," he snarled at me. "Get me out of here!"

SO Miss Cedar Valley got her ride in my patrol car, but with her face running blood, and me working the siren. Morant's night out would cost him no more than a reckless driving count. As for Jule, she'd live. But the windscreen had done its work. She'd never be Miss Cedar Valley again.

I should have gone after Billy Burdett, locked him up on a holding charge before word reached him. On Monday night, still in the frayed oilskins he hadn't shed in three days, he caught up with Morant at Forty-mile.

Morant had a pal with him. The friend was not tough, although he believed himself so until a smashed jaw convinced him otherwise. Billy cornered Morant like an escaping rat, dragged him into the parking area and pinned him against a car. The man was big, heavy and well conditioned, but it was no fight. Even the Forty-mile crowd were sickened at last. They closed on the human hurricane of rage and hate and grief, and hauled him away.

Assault causing grievous bodily harm was the charge against Billy. The judge found extenuating circumstances, or Billy would have drawn a much stiffer term than six months.

HAVING little heart for our Community Day doings that year, I let the other half of our Samiston police force take the fairground duty.

Around two o'clock, he checked in with a noisy drunk. "Burdett must have behaved himself," he told me after he had put his man to cool. "We figured he wouldn't be loose till September."

"You mean he's out there?"

"Large as life."

"Jule Tanner?"

"Hell, Chief. You wouldn't expect her to show up, would you? Not now!"

I drove to the Tanner house on the hill and found Jule around at the back in a lawn chair. She wore a yellow sunsuit and her body was lovely. Circle Hill had left her that.

I said: "Go in and get dressed. I'm taking you to the fairground."

Jule shook her head. "Thanks, Chief, I thought I'd give it a miss."

"*He* didn't," I told her.

The book she was holding slid from her fingers. The scars stood cruel against a white face. "I can't," she said to me. "Chief, I can't!"

"You can," I told her, "and you will."

We drove down out along the river road, heading for the climbing tree that jutted high over the fairground.

Bruce Tanner wasn't handling the public address speaker this year. I found him off to the side and took Jule to him, her hand easy on my arm, but the tension coming through to me. For her, I knew—for this girl who had once been lovely—this was a terrible ordeal. She didn't speak to her father, and I wondered whether those two had established any kind of peace.

THE Franklin River entrant dropped down the climbing tree while the crowd yelled. His time was better than good. The loudspeaker brayed a name and I saw Billy Burdett at last, the rigger's belt heavy on his hips.

Nobody cheered him. He went up fast. There was no handstand at the top this time, but he dropped down that spar as if he had no use for his life, the crowd watching in a silence grown eerie. He hit the deck in a last long drop. The timers put their heads together. Seconds later the crowd roared.

Billy took the new, silver-heavy champion's belt and clumped toward us, while I watched and wondered. Miss Cedar Valley, a pretty brunette this year, drew from him only a nod. Unhurrying, he came to Jule, flipped the champion's belt around her waist.

"Two half-hitches this time," he said to her. "Will it hold?"

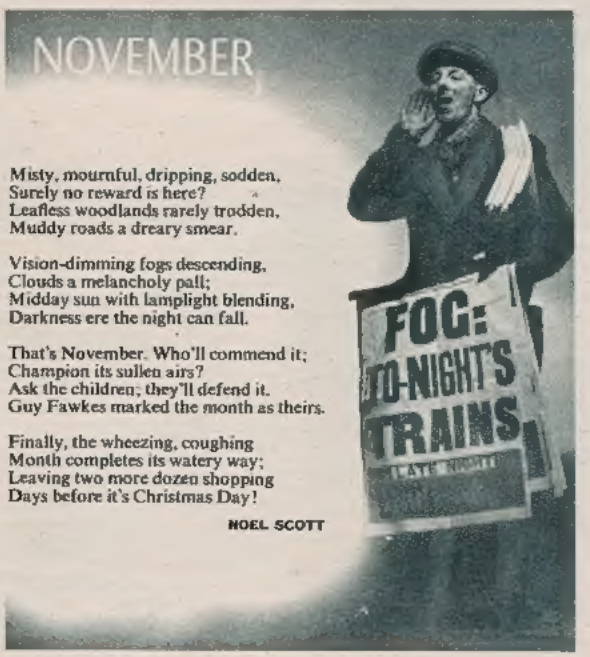
"It will hold, Billy," she told him, and stepped into his arms.

Bruce Tanner had been through his own bleak and conscience-searching time. And now he was shrewd enough to recognize something he couldn't beat.

"Take care of her," he said gruffly.

"Count on it," Billy answered him. Then he said to Jule, gently: "Coming, Miss Universe?" and they left the fairground together.

The log-bucking contest had already started. Bruce Tanner offered me a cigar. I took it and thanked him, but lit one of my own. The good one I'd save for my coffee later on. THE END


NOVEMBER
Misty, mournful, dripping, sodden,
Surely no reward is here?
Leafless woodlands rarely trodden,
Muddy roads a dreary smear.
Vision-dimming fogs descending,
Clouds a melancholy pall;
Midday sun with lamplight blending,
Darkness ere the night can fall.
That's November. Who'll commend it;
Champion its sullen airs?
Ask the children; they'll defend it.
Guy Fawkes marked the month as theirs.
Finally, the wheezing, coughing
Month completes its watery way;
Leaving two more dozen shopping
Days before it's Christmas Day!
NOEL SCOTT
FOG:
TO-NIGHT'S
TRAINS

© *Arthur Mayse, 1958*

Jurgens, dressed for filming, celebrates his marriage to model Simone Bicheron, his fourth wife. *Me And The Colonel*, the film he made with Danny Kaye, below, has its première this week

Now Curt Jurgens woos Britain

by REX GRIZELL

He is charming women everywhere. As his hair grows thinner and his waist thicker he's rocketing to the top

DURING location work in France for the film *Me And The Colonel*, premièred in London this week, the two stars, Danny Kaye and Curt Jurgens, found that there was a day when neither of them was required. They went to Geneva together. After a tour of the city, Kaye bought two pairs of long woollen underpants. Jurgens, who already owned five cars, bought a £4,000 Mercedes.

This impulsive action was typical of a man who has made extravagance his personal philosophy. "He lives as if there is no tomorrow," says a friend.

His extravagances include cars, houses, clothes, gambling, luxury foods and wines, lavish parties, a retinue of servants, world-wide travel and, above all, beautiful women.

"Wherever we go the house will be full of flowers, there will be music all day long, and there will be glamorous women," says his German secretary.

Jurgens's homes range from the Villa St. Hospice, at Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, on the French Riviera, which he describes as a "little fabulous," to a hunting lodge in Bavaria, which he calls "cosy." He also has a "small" villa in Cadiz, a town house in Vienna and a block of apartments in Zürich.

It has taken Jurgens, who also stars in *The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness*, to be premièred on November 23, twenty-five years to achieve international success. "I was too good-looking as a young man," he says. "A pretty boy with no character."

Today Jurgens has the air of a slightly tarnished Viking. His silver hair is balding in front, but curls musician fashion over the back of his collar. There is a sag in the six foot three inches of his bulky frame. His face is still well-filled, but lined and wrinkled, and his bright blue eyes have the pouches of high living beneath them. He likes to use a little of the perfume "Moustache" on his temples.

Experience has given me personality," he says complacently. "Women like that today. My fan mail has gone up since my hair got thinner and my waistline thicker."

His wardrobe varies from elegant town suits, mostly in light fawns and greys, with which he likes to wear bright blue shirts which accentuate the colour of his eyes, to the yellow pigskin trousers or reindeer-skin breeches which he often wears in Bavaria.

Jurgens, who acts in three languages, German, French and English, claims to be the first truly international star in pictures. In the past two years he has starred in German, French, British and American films. He has won several German acting awards, and also the Victoire, the French equivalent of an Oscar.

He makes four or five pictures a year, at a fee reputed to be about £75,000 a picture. A cannily devised financial set-up covers his actual earnings. All his contracts are between film companies and a Swiss company which represents him. He makes it a rule that no fee is ever mentioned in the contracts.

In addition to the money he is paid for acting, Jurgens collects for dubbing his rôles in two other languages. He insists on doing this himself, and charges handsomely for it.

Continental film men consider Jurgens a shrewd and awkward man to do business with. His first great success was at the International Film Festival in Venice in 1955, when he won the best acting award for his part in the German film, *The Devil's General*. Only a month later he was suing a German company for whom he had just made a film. The producer had added scenes not approved by Jurgens, who claimed that they damaged his prestige. He won the case.

Film with Bergman

When he was asked to play in *The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness*, Jurgens already had an arrangement with a French company for the same period. He was determined to play opposite Ingrid Bergman, so he asked the French company for a postponement.

When the producers complained that they would lose 50,000 dollars, Jurgens paid over the sum in cash, and also agreed to pay five thousand dollars for every day he was late beyond the agreed new date.

He then persuaded Twentieth Century-Fox, producers of *The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness*, to pay him considerably more than their first offer, so that he recovered half the money he had paid out. To make sure that he met the new date for his French film, Jurgens played many outdoor scenes in North Wales in pouring rain.

On the Continent Jurgens is admired as a great lover as well as an actor. He has just married for the fourth time. His first three wives were actresses. The fourth, Simone Bicheron, is a French model. In between marriages his name has been linked with other actresses of several nationalities, among them Zsa Zsa Gabor, Dorothy Dandridge, Barbara Rush, Claire Bloom, German stars Maria

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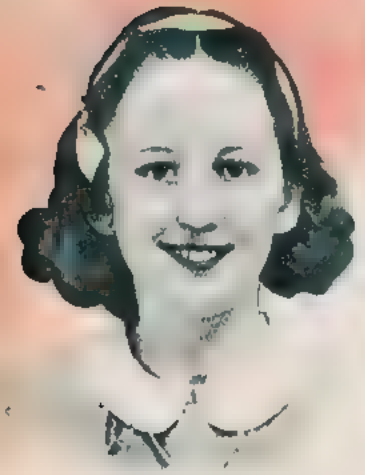
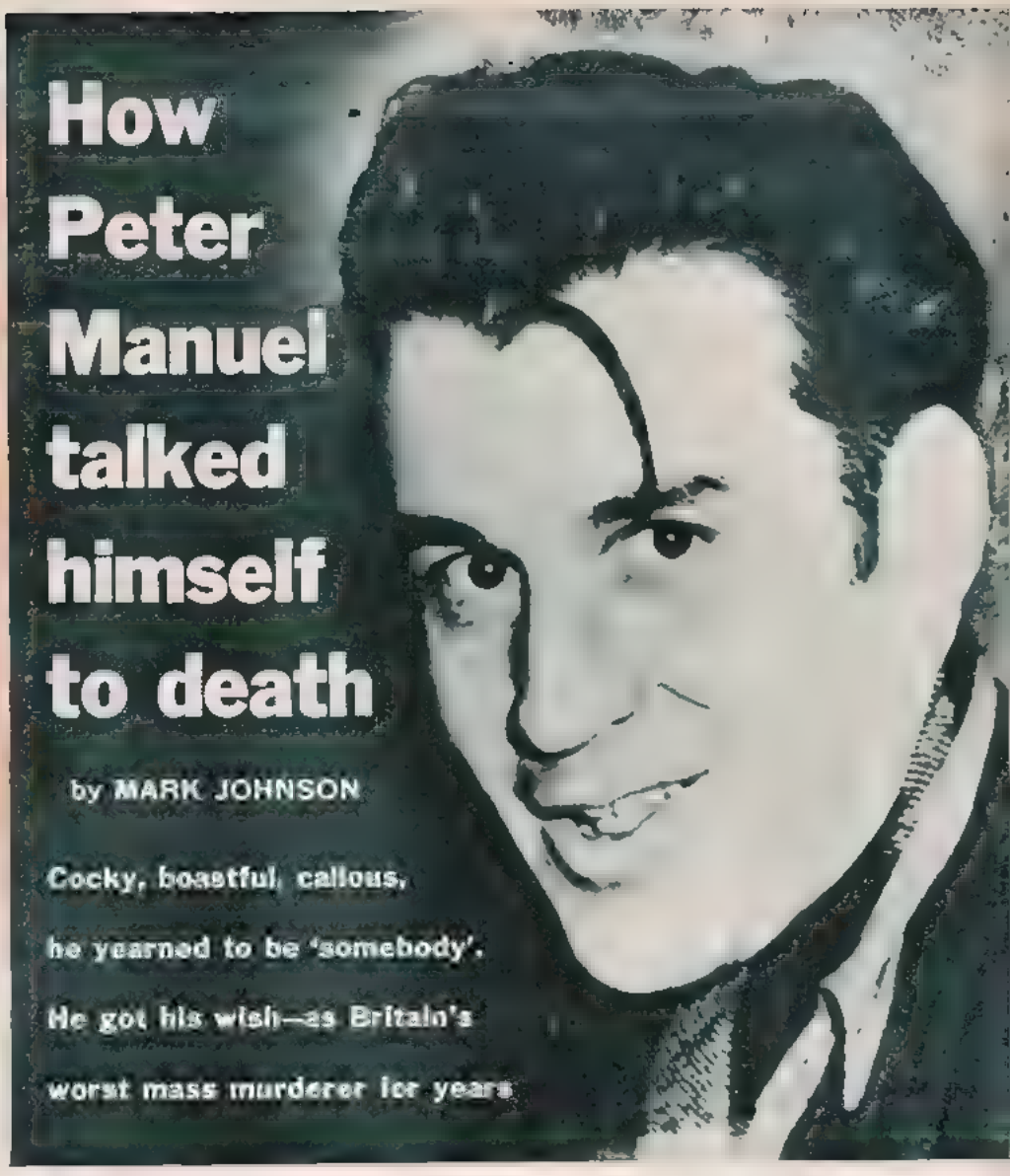
Peter Manuel broke into the Watt family's home and shot Mrs. Marion Watt (above) and her daughter Vivienne



How Peter Manuel talked himself to death



by MARK JOHNSON

Cocky, boastful, callous, he yearned to be 'somebody'. He got his wish—as Britain's worst mass murderer for years

It was December 31, 1957. In the two-bedroomed council house in Fourth Street, Birkenshaw, Lanarkshire, a Hogmanay party was in full swing. Peter Manuel, the younger son of the house, led the gaiety, proposing toasts and singing a number of old Scottish songs.

The party went on until the small hours. In the course of it Manuel, who had been unemployed and short of money since being released from jail one month before, boasted that he would buy drinks for another party the next day.

When the rest of the family had gone to bed Manuel lay down on a bed-chair downstairs. But not for long. If he didn't have money the next day, he would look a fool. Before dawn he slipped silently out of the house.

He broke into a bungalow in Sheepburn Road, only about a mile from his home. In the front bedroom Peter Smart and his wife were asleep in bed. Smart's jacket hung on a chair at the bedside. Manuel took £30 from a wallet which he found in the jacket pocket. The Smarts continued to sleep soundly. He could have gone away as quietly as he had come. Instead he took a Beretta automatic from his pocket and shot them both through the head as they slept.

Then he walked into the back bedroom and murdered their ten-year-old son, Michael, in the same way. Next he went to the kitchen for some food. While he was eating the family cat kept rubbing itself against his legs.

After feeding the cat Manuel took Smart's Austin A.35 from the garage and drove it to the car park of a factory near his home. He returned home and was asleep on his bed-chair when his mother came down at eight o'clock.

Gave money away

Later in the day Manuel went to his cousin's engagement party. He gave away £1 notes as presents to his young cousins, he paid for taxis to take guests home, he bought drinks. When the party was over he went to a dance with a friend and two girls. Manuel paid for the tickets.

The next morning Manuel took Smart's car and set off for Glasgow. On the way Police Constable Robert Smith of Uddingston, asked him for a lift. Smith was on his way to take part in the search for Isabelle Cooke, a seventeen-year-old schoolgirl who had been missing from her home since December 28. During their conversation Manuel was mentioned as being suspected of having murdered the girl, and the constable who did not know Manuel, said: "I think we'll get him for this."

"I don't think so," Manuel replied. "He seems much too clever."

Peter Thomas Anthony Manuel, short, with long dark hair and close-set eyes, was the worst mass killer in recent British criminal history. For years he robbed, raped and killed, and terrorized the local population from his home at Birkenshaw near Glasgow.

Terrible as they were, killers like Heath and Haigh had the understandable motives of sex and gain for their crimes. Manuel was an unfeeling brute who killed an unknown number of times—his favourite victims were sleeping people or helpless girls—just to give himself a momentary kick, to satisfy the vanity that told him he was a master criminal.

It was that same vanity that brought him to the dock charged with eight killings. At first he had been satisfied with the secret knowledge of his own crimes, but as time went by he was not satisfied with the audience of his own mind. His vanity demanded that the police, the underworld, and then the public should fear and respect him. So he talked.

He talked at first in hints and allusions, but he kept talking until he claimed to know who had committed certain crimes, and then he kept talking until in the end, simply to make public what he thought was his own cleverness he was describing how he had committed the murders. And as he talked the noose was coming closer.

Manuel was many things: vain, callous, boastful, glib all the time, sullen and charming, violent and gentle, stupid and clever by turns. He was also much less clever than he thought. When he was thirty, Manuel had been leading a life of crime for eighteen years, and only just four of those years had been spent outside approved schools, Borstal Institutions, or prison.

Always in trouble

Manuel was born in America, in a poor quarter of Manhattan. In pubs he repeatedly boasted about his American citizenship, and would tell strangers that he had "recently been back home to the States." In fact, his parents had brought him back to Scotland when he was five, and he barely remembered America.

In 1947, when Manuel was ten, the family moved to Coventry, where his father had found work. Manuel was sent to a local Roman Catholic school where he was in constant trouble for

Manuel confessed to killing Anne Knelands—but at his trial he was found not guilty

Mrs. Margaret Brown, a guest in the Watt family's home, was shot through the head

For a haul of £30, Manuel shot Mr. and Mrs. Peter Smart in bed. In the next room their ten-year-old son Michael was sleeping. He was murdered, too

cheating lying, playing truant, and making obscene drawings

In the next few years Manuel made fifteen appearances in juvenile courts, and numerous escapes from approved schools. While on the run from one of these schools he showed the violent and callous side of his nature for the first time. He attacked a girl with a hammer, beating her about the head. Surgeons operated to save her life

Already he was developing marked psychopathic tendencies. He was clearly able to understand the difference between right and wrong, but it meant nothing to him: he had no conscience, no guilt feelings, because no matter what he did it seemed right to him simply because *he* had done it

Fooled the police

Less than a year after the hammer attack he was sent to Borstal for escaping from an approved school, robbery with violence, and indecent assault. When Manuel disappeared from the school he fooled the police, farmers, and school authorities who were searching for him by hiding behind the Christmas Nativity crib in the school chapel for a week

He stayed there all day and stole food from the kitchens at night. When the hunt died down he got right away, three hundred miles to Glasgow. There the police picked him up and sent him back

In 1945 Manuel was released from Borstal and returned to his family, who had moved back to Scotland

In the dull, characterless countryside around Uddingston, Birkenshaw, Mount Vernon, and East Kilbride, ordinary people were leading ordinary lives, working in new factories, living in bleak grey housing estates.

Manuel changed all this. Within a few weeks of his return there was an outbreak of housebreaking in an area within a five-mile radius of the Manuel home. Soon there had been so many cases that nobody in the district felt that his property was safe any longer

In February, 1946, Manuel was arrested and charged with eighteen cases of housebreaking. He was released on bail. While he was out on bail a young woman walking in a lonely country lane was forced down in the snow, blindfolded and raped

Manuel was arrested but the victim failed to identify him. He laughed derisively in the faces of the police. The policemen grimly set their jaws. In that moment a bitter feud started but none of the police, however gifted with imagination, could have conceived the terrible, blood-stained lengths to which it was to go before they could close their net finally round Manuel

In fact, Manuel had laughed too soon. In spite of the lack of identification, Detective-Sergeant Murdo McKenzie still suspected him, and he had spotted red and green threads on Manuel's overcoat collar. Tests made in the forensic laboratories of the Glasgow C.I.D. showed that they came from the victim's scarf. Plaster casts taken of a man's footprints leading from the scene of the crime matched Manuel's shoes

Manuel, who had by now been sentenced to twelve months for housebreaking, was brought from prison and tried for rape. He was found guilty, and eight years was added to his sentence

In Peterhead Prison, on the grim Aberdeenshire coast, Manuel nursed his hatred of the police. He fed his mind on the deeds of notorious American gangsters, such as Dillinger and Capone. He boasted to other prisoners that he was an expert safebreaker, that he had once been called to Buckingham Palace to open a safe that had jammed and baffled the makers. The prisoners, who included some of the country's real experts in that field, laughed at him

Infuriated by the failure of other prisoners to take him seriously, Manuel sought their acclaim by attacking prison officers. Twice he was put in solitary confinement for this. On another occasion he went berserk

In the long quiet periods between these outbursts Manuel tried to catch up on his education, and particularly he studied the law. He meant to be too smart for the police when he came out

Outbreak of crime

He was released in 1952. In the once-peaceful district around Manuel's home the housebreaking and the attacks on women broke out again. The police plodded after him, waiting for him to make a mistake, but for three years he eluded them.

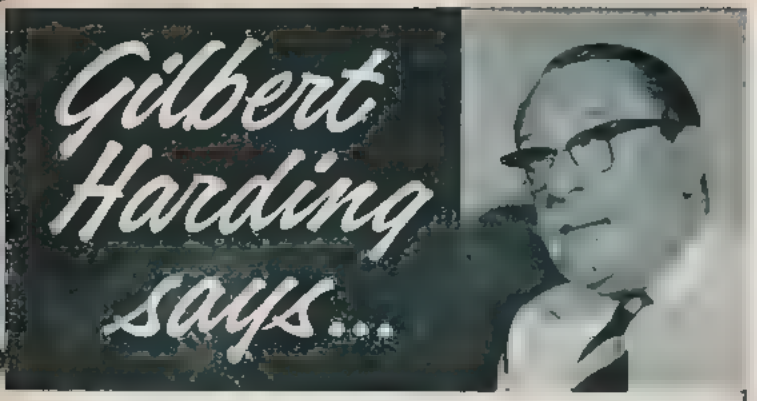
During this period he built up a reputation as the biggest liar in Lanarkshire. His stories were ingenious, and he told them well, and though he seemed to realize that he was not believed, he went on trying to impress. He repeatedly claimed to be the mastermind behind the big crimes of the day.

When a gang raided a Glasgow bank and escaped with £44,000, Manuel rang up the police to tell them that he knew who was responsible. He named himself. When the police called he was able to prove that he had nothing to do with the raid. He had achieved his object: he had drawn attention to himself and he had confused the police.

The friends who lightly said, "Peter can talk the leg off a mule," did not realize that Manuel was serious, that he was coming closer and closer to seeing himself as an infallible master criminal.

For a short while at this time Manuel felt a genuine attraction for a girl. It was the only time in his life. Her name was Anne O'Hara. She came from a respectable and devoutly religious

Seventeen-year-old Isabelle Cooke, another of Peter Manuel's murder victims. He strangled her and buried her naked body in a ploughed field



You should be glad I don't drive a car

THERE is one reason at least why you should be grateful to me and, that is because I do not drive a car. My temper is short, my manners are bad and I have difficulty in distinguishing left from right. I am quite unable to reverse, either on the road or on the dance floor.

Nevertheless, I have been an owner-driver in my time.

In 1930, or thereabouts, I owned a Jowett for which I paid the princely sum of £12. True, the people at the garage where I kept my car always had to back it out of their premises for me. But drive myself I did.

A rich friend gave me a Gabriel horn, a very splendid triple-trumpet affair that made celestial and commanding noises. When I sounded it, people turned in awe expecting a Rolls-Royce or an Isotta, only to see me approaching in a chugging thing with flat batteries.

One toot upon that superb instrument and my batteries were drained.

Never, never again

Of what went on under the bonnet of that car I knew next to nothing; the internal combustion engine is still a mystery to me.

Now I come to think about it I did know where the carburettor was, that I used to tickle. But of magneto, gasket, transmission and the rest, I knew nothing. I do, now, know what a big end is.

Mine went. It went while I was travelling at my maximum speed of thirty miles an hour on the road from Chichester to Portsmouth.

I climbed out, walked down the road and, there and then, sold my Jowett to a garage for the price of my fare home.

I never wanted to see that car again, I never wanted to drive any car again.

So, as you can guess, I am one of the few men left in Britain who doesn't drive and isn't interested in the Motor Show and all the news we have, at this time of the year, of even more splendid motor-cars to come.

In fact the Motor Show has lost for me one of the few attractions it ever had. We no longer see Lady Docker there.

No longer, alas, is she photographed in one of those extremely elegant motor-cars which she herself did so much to adorn, cars that did so much to raise the prestige of British craftsmanship abroad.

I have driven in one of Nora Docker's splendid vehicles. I borrowed one from her for an afternoon to delight myself, impress my friends and confound my enemies. But, I regret to say, everybody I called upon was out.

The time is not long past when merely to possess a motor-car of any sort conferred considerable prestige and —what is harder for the young to believe—it was a pleasure to be upon the roads of Britain.

No doubt this year's new cars are slicker and even quicker than last year's. A fat lot of use they are going to be to any of us if all we are going to be able to do is to sit in them in traffic jams, boiling over with infuriating frustration.

I seem to be doomed to contemplate for endless, weary minutes those maddening plastic dickie-birds that nod to and fro in the back windows of so many cars.

If somebody doesn't, very quickly, get the traffic moving again, particularly in our towns, and put a little of the fun back into motoring, I foresee an almighty slump coming for Britain's booming motor industry.

For a start I would suggest that the police be instructed to make it their job to keep the motorist moving, not to spend laborious days harrying him and prosecuting him for all manner of paltry, petty offences.

Now I have been a police constable myself, so the man on the beat and in the patrol car has a lot more than my sympathy. But I must say I am horrified to hear that, although the number of cars coming on to the roads increases by about nine per cent a year, police activity against motorists is increasing by eleven per cent and convictions by as much as thirteen per cent a year.

Petty policemen

I refuse to believe that this is necessary. I suspect that much of this increasing police activity is on the same time-consuming pettifogging, idiot level as the encounter a friend of mine had with the police not so long ago.

He responded to the call of the authorities to buy his Road Fund licence in good time, renewing it during the last week in December.

A policeman, who could surely have been better employed, stopped him to inform him, none too politely, that it was an offence to display a 1958 licence in the last days of 1957.

I am sure we could all tell similar stories of officiousness and petty nagging, of hunting and harassing the poor motorist who is already demented by the lack of places to park and the vagaries of one-way streets.

What nonsense! And what a terrible waste of time!

THE END

How Peter Manuel talked himself to death

continued from previous page

home. She persuaded Manuel to go with her to church. But it made Manuel uncomfortable, and one day he burst out that he had no need of God. The girl was deeply offended and broke off their engagement.

One night shortly afterwards, in July, 1955, a young local girl, Mary McLaughlin was returning from a dance when she was attacked and indecently assaulted.

Manuel was arrested and charged with the crime. Again he chose to defend himself. Showing off his knowledge of legal procedure and phraseology, and using what one witness described as "the gestures of a third-rate actor," Manuel succeeded in confusing police witnesses about the clothes he was said to have been wearing on the night of the crime. The jury returned a verdict of Not Proven, and Manuel was freed.

This was a tremendous boost to his ego. In Glasgow pubs he boasted of his legal knowledge, of how he had tied the prosecution in knots, and flustered the experienced police witnesses. He was certain that he was cleverer than the police. He only needed to get away with murder to prove it to himself.

When the police called at his house to question Manuel about the killing of seventeen-year-old Anne Knellands, whose body, savagely beaten about the head, was found on East Kilbride golf course on January 4, 1956, he was calm and confident. Five hours' questioning could not shake his nerve or make him alter his story. He evaded the traps in the police questions with contemptuous ease.

While police carefully dug over the garden of the Manuel house, searching for clues, Manuel lounged in the background smiling and taunting them. He knew that they would find nothing.

Stayed at large

For months Superintendent James Hendry worked on the case without success. No weapon was found, nobody had seen Manuel with the girl, and his family alibi could not be broken.

Manuel remained at large, and in that small circle of Lanarkshire hemmed in by the police, he continued his criminal activities. Now the local people went in fear, they knew that they had a savage killer among them.

Many people feared and suspected Manuel, but he did not care how many people suspected him so long as nothing could be proved in court. He wanted people to fear him, he loved the sense of power it gave him. "The police are after me," he boasted to underworld acquaintances. "What a hope they've got."

The fears of the local people were not unfounded. In the first week of September, 1956, while police were still investigating the killing of Anne Knellands, Manuel obtained a revolver and ammunition from a bookmakers' runner in Glasgow. It cost him £5.

On September 16 he told a drinking acquaintance, James Lafferty, that he had shot a cow through the head that day, just to see what the gun could do.

The next night Manuel, with the gun in his pocket, broke into 5 Fennsbank Avenue, High Burnside, the home of master baker William Watt—who was away on a fishing trip—and his family. He opened a bedroom door. There were two women in the bed, Mrs. Watt and her sister, Margaret Brown. He then went into another room and found Mrs. Watt's daughter, Vivienne, asleep in bed. She woke up and sat up. Manuel knocked her out and tied her hands.

He went back to the other bedroom and shot the two women through the head. Vivienne Watt struggled loose, and Manuel heard her. He went back and shot her as well.

Again the police questioned Manuel. Again they laboriously dug over his garden. Not only did they fail to find any evidence connecting him with the crime, but a few days later they arrested the wrong man.

Routine inquiries into the movements of William Watt had produced two people who swore they had seen him travelling towards Glasgow on the night of the triple murder.

Watt's arrest gave Manuel, whose only reason for these apparently motiveless murders was to baffle and embarrass the police while he walked free to boast of his cleverness and their stupidity, the biggest kick of his life. This time Manuel had really fooled the police.

Prison "big shot"

But his pleasure in this was cut short a few days later when he was arrested for breaking into a colliery canteen. For a time both Watt and Manuel were in Barlinnie Prison together. Then, after being held for sixty-two days, Watt was released.

As before in prison, Manuel had to impress his fellow prisoners with the fact that he was a "big shot." He had to talk. But now he was so swollen with a sense of power that he lost all idea of discretion.

Manuel quite openly boasted that he had done the Knellands and Watt killings. A prisoner who heard him said afterwards: "We all thought he was lying or mad."

But Manuel was not satisfied with talking to the prisoners. He had to go farther.

It was October, 1957. He had been in prison nearly a year, inactive and out of the limelight. On October 8, Laurence Dowdall, a Glasgow solicitor, who had acted for William Watt, received a letter from Manuel asking him to visit him in prison.

Manuel then told Dowdall that he knew Watt was innocent. He knew the man who had really committed the murders, he said. This other man had described the crime to him and had asked him to get rid of the gun. Dowdall doubted the story, but Manuel supported it by describing the interior of the Watt house and the position of the furniture.

Dowdall went away and checked the information and found it correct. Manuel had also described how one of the women had been shot twice. This information had never been published, but Dowdall found that this was also correct. Either Manuel had committed the crime, or he did know the man who had.

Manuel was released on November 30, 1957. At his request Dowdall arranged for Manuel to meet Watt in a Glasgow restaurant. The meeting took place early in December, 1957. Manuel told Watt the same story as he had told Dowdall except that this time he named the man who, he said, had done the shooting.

In the meantime Manuel's statements about the Watt killing had come to the notice of the police. On November 25, 1957, they dug up his garden again looking for a gun. When he heard about it, Manuel's only reaction was to boast to an acquaintance that he "always got the mugs to do the horticulture."

Superintendent Hendry was now retired, and Chief Inspector Bill Muncie had by this time taken charge of the police inquiries.

As the police began to increase the scope of their investigations into his part in the murders, Manuel had second thoughts about his bravado in talking to Dowdall and Watt. He went to Leeds to lie low. He stayed a week, watching the papers each day to see whether there were any developments in Lanarkshire. Nothing happened. He decided to go back.

He hitch-hiked to Newcastle, and there he ran out of money. One cold

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Our tax system is a swindle

Don't be fooled by the "free" social services, says the outspoken economist COLIN CLARK. We would all be richer if we were left to pay our own way

THE social services which we receive free, or partially free, now constitute a lengthy list. Did we (or our parents and grandparents in their time) ask for all of them?

We did, in the sense that we were quite glad to receive these benefits when they came. But was it a case of organized public opinion demanding them?

Was it not rather that all political parties, Labour, Liberal and Conservative, introduced one social service after another with the object of winning support at the next election?

Unlike most writers, I am not trying to make a case for—or against—any of the political parties. I think that they are all equally to blame.

We began with universal schooling at fees enacted by Gladstone in 1870—Disraeli made schools free in 1876. Workers' Compensation and some free places in secondary and technical schools were introduced by the Conservative Government of 1895-1906.

In 1909 the Liberal Government introduced old-age pensions (at the age of seventy and with a means test), followed in 1912 by National Health Insurance, which provided free medical treatment for workers, but not for their dependants, and unemployment insurance for workers in some trades.

Widows and orphans

The Coalition Government, in 1920, made unemployment insurance universal, and in 1924 the Labour Government provided council houses at subsidized rents. In 1926 Sir Winston Churchill as a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced widows' and orphans' pensions, and in 1928 he lowered the age for receiving old age pensions to sixty-five for men and to sixty for women.

Mr Butler, as Minister of Education in the Coalition Government in 1944, made secondary education free, and also, for most students university education. The Labour Government's legislation of 1948 provided children's allowances and free medical service and hospital treatment for all.

Schemes are now being prepared by both political parties for much more generous retirement pensions. Neither party, however, can give us any guarantee as to how much the money will be worth when our pensions do fall due.

And, when all is said and done, there is not so much to show for it. The number of people on National Assistance is now nearly as high as it was in the worst period of the 1930s, with the difference that they were mostly unemployed men then, and they are mostly old-age pensioners nowadays.

Political salesmen

Just as a skilful salesman does his best to divert the customers' attention away from the question of what the article is going to cost, so politicians—most of whom would have made super-salesmen if they had gone into business—have succeeded in diverting our attention away from the question of what the social services cost us.

Are free medicine, free education and all the rest really free? Of course they are not. Do you believe that the entire cost is met by taxing a few rich people? Some politicians would like you to believe that. But you must be very innocent if you do.

How much do you yourself pay in taxation? I am not asking this question of the successful professional or business man. I am not even asking it of the salaried worker.

I am asking the ordinary average wage-earning family if they realize—and I am sure they do not—how much taxation they themselves have to pay, in income tax, national insurance contributions, in tobacco tax, purchase tax, petrol tax rates, and all the other taxes which put up the price of everything which they buy. The answer *one pound in every four which they earn goes in taxation.*

These are the figures for the manual-working family; for salaried workers and business and professional men the proportions are higher still.

Certainly, no politician will ever tell you these facts. Nor will any university or research institute—most of them, I am afraid, because they are anxious not to offend the politicians, to whom they look for money and for jobs.

It is true that not all this taxation goes to pay for social services, though the greater part of it does. About one-quarter of total taxation goes to pay for the armed forces, and in addition there are police, water supply, roads and other unescapable public necessities. So, even if there were no social services, we would by no means be free of taxation altogether.

Every family, except the poorest, should be expected to make some direct contribution to necessary public expenses—people will not vote responsibly otherwise—but the richer should certainly pay a higher proportionate share.

So, if there were no social services, the wage-earning family would be immediately better off to the extent of about one pound in five, through the remission of National Insurance contributions and the fall in the prices of a great many of the things which they buy.

But besides immediate relief through the fall in prices of taxed goods, there would follow during the next few years, if taxation were reduced all round, further reductions in prices and increases in earnings, which would make us all considerably better off than now.

Crippling our effort

At present rates of taxation many people are not making the efforts which they might, and are not producing as much as they could—this applies to many manual workers, as well as to business and professional men.

More serious is the fact that present rates of taxation lead to an immense amount of extravagance and waste. Business men will go to extraordinary lengths to get rid of their money as "expenses," before it becomes taxable—advertising, bonus payments, country house conferences, expense accounts for executives, losses on amateur farming and all the rest.

Many of the best business minds at present are almost entirely occupied in arranging their businesses so that the legal liability to taxation is minimized. If taxation rates were lower (and, as they should be, based on expenditure rather than on income) these keen business minds would then devote themselves to productive work, to the benefit of all of us.

The people who were unemployed in the 1930s are much better off now—but that is because they have got work, not because of social services. The man in work is *not* much better off than he, or his father, was then.

Some industries have gained, but the general rise in take-home pay has not been much more than the rise in prices.

The average worker now produces, for each hour of work, about twenty per cent more than he produced in 1938—but most of this increase has been lost in higher taxation and higher prices for imports, and the amount he has for himself is about the same as it was then.

This twenty per cent increase in productivity in twenty years is a miserably low figure. Take almost any other industrial country which you care to name, and you will find increases of from about fifty per cent to as much as seventy-five per cent.

Why has Britain lagged so far behind other countries in productivity? Don't listen to the story that it's due to not having enough capital. We have invested a great deal since the war, and much of it has been mis-invested.

Taxed to death

The real reason for our backwardness, which should be obvious to the plain man, even though politicians and economists cannot see it, is that the country is overtaxed.

Though rates have recently been reduced a little, taxation still takes thirty-seven per cent of the production of the country. No other country has anything like this figure. No wonder our productivity is increasing so sluggishly.

If a large part of our present taxation were removed, we could count on a great increase in productivity, and a quick end to all the extravagances now incurred on "expense accounts." The average wage-earning family would immediately get five pounds' worth for every £4 which they spend now through the remission of taxes and national insurance contributions which they now pay and through lower prices—and in addition, after two or three years, would make further large and continuing gains from all-round increases in productivity.

Now if the average family could be so much better off with lower taxation would they not find it cheaper to pay for their own "social services," just paying the necessary costs, and without having to pay for the political stunting and the swollen bureaucracy, which also have to be provided for out of present taxation?

They undoubtedly would find it cheaper. There is not much space here to give all the figures and details, which I have published in my pamphlet *Welfare and Taxation*, but all that we get at present from social services could be provided if the average family set aside some fifteen to twenty per cent of its income (less than what it would gain through tax remissions) for these purposes.

We should be willing to pay cash for all minor medical expenses, to save the

Pure fantasy? Colin Clark claims that his tax plan would give each family five pounds for every four it now spends

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Our tax system is a swindle

continued from previous page

paper-work which now goes on, and provide for serious illness or accident through insurance.

Medical insurance through friendly society, "lodges" and other voluntary associations is the practice in Australia which cannot be said to be a less advanced country than Britain, and also in many European countries.

If families provided for themselves in this way, the entire cost of their medical service, cash payments and insurance combined would average three or four per cent of their income.

We should all be willing to pay a fair economic rent for our homes. No families, except the very poorest, should expect neighbours to pay the rent for them. It is certainly wrong to have comparatively prosperous families living in council houses, getting part of their rent paid by taxing other families who may be poorer than they are.

Parents should be willing to pay for the education of their children, and should be able to choose the school to which they send them. Under these circumstances they would take a great deal more interest in their children's schooling, schools would have to compete for pupils and the quality of many of them would improve.

It is the duty of the State and of local authorities to see that everyone receives the necessary minimum of education and that schools do not fall below a certain standard; but this does not mean that it is their business to provide all the schools.

LIFE IN COLIN CLARK'S DREAM WORLD

If your wage after taxation is	£10
Without taxes you'd have	£13 6s.
Rising production would increase that to ...	£14 14s.
Allowing for essential taxes —defence, roads, etc.— you'd have ...	£13 8s.
Making your own payments for health insurance, pensions, education, you'd have ...	£11 13s.

NET GAIN—16½ PER CENT MORE THAN YOU GET TODAY

There should be some scholarships to provide higher education for students who have shown that they could really profit by it and whose families could not otherwise afford it; but they should not be handed out indiscriminately as they are today.

There is a great deal to be said for a proposal that boys and girls when they start work should be expected to join a friendly society or similar organization and pay contributions which would ensure them additional income at the time when they have young children to bring up.

Provision for old age and widows' pensions would also only cost a few per cent of income if everybody began paying insurance while they were young. It would matter not for those who are already middle-aged or old.

They have been paying national insurance stamps and taxes all through their working lives to governments which have not invested the money for them as an insurance fund should have done but have just spent it.

The government owes these people in effect about £12,000 million at present in money, and this debt will have to be repaid to the older people out of taxation over a period of years. If it were not this has been done people will be able to provide for their own old age by normal insurance.

An additional advantage of old age and widows' pensions obtained in this way is that they will be the pensioner's own property, which he has an absolute right to receive and nobody will have the right to ask him any questions about any other income or property which he may possess or about whether or not he is retiring from work.

And it is his own personal pension rights which each man should have, independent of his employer. "Group insurance" for all the employees of a business, now becoming so popular, is a great mistake, because it means that a man becomes tied to one employer.

Present tax laws encourage such schemes, but it would be far better if the money now being paid out in group insurance premiums were paid directly in wages, and each man was left to make his own provision for old age.

Where's the snag?

But isn't there a catch in this? If we save up, through insurance for our own pensions, can we be sure that the money will have any value when the time comes for us to draw it? On recent experience, it does not look very likely. Price increases may be inevitable in war time. But we have seen prices rise sixty per cent over the last ten years and there is every sign that they are going on rising.

Because of this we cannot insure or save; we cannot make any intelligent provision for the future, until we can be assured that money is going to keep its value, and that £1 which we invest now will still buy approximately a pound's worth of goods in twenty years' time.

It does not matter so much for rich people, who can put their savings into industrial shares or real property, which go up in value as prices go up. It is poorer families, who cannot make these investments, who have to put their savings into bank accounts and life assurance.

Every time prices go up these families are robbed of some of their savings. It is indeed this uncertainty about the value of money in the future which is making us all more and more dependent on the State in old age and other contingencies. Perhaps politicians like to think of a whole country being dependent on their bounty. Most of us would prefer to be independent.

If we started paying for ourselves we should all be much better off, not worse off than we are now. It is a silly delusion to think that we can make ourselves better off by voting at elections for political parties (all parties are the same in this respect) which promise to give us hand-outs of public money, without explaining that they will collect it all (and more) back from us in taxation.

Common sense should tell us that we will only be better off through higher productivity, higher wages and lower prices. You cannot bring prices down through regulations, which are always wasteful and which slow down productivity. You bring prices down by making sure that there is enough competition.

Living in a daze

British manufacturers and farmers are at present living in a sort of daze. They have to pay enormous taxes, which have knocked them groggy, but at the same time they have been shielded from real competition, whether with each other or with imported goods.

When they are freed from excessive taxation they will have to snap out of it, and begin competing again. And the man who loses his business, or his job, through competition will have to find something else—there will be plenty of useful work waiting to be done. Neither employers nor workers in unsuccessful businesses are entitled to be carried as passengers by their fellow citizens.

Many will regard this as unpalatable medicine. And, just as a stubborn patient may refuse the doctor's prescription, we may refuse to take it.

And we will suffer the consequences—we will see the cost of living rising faster and faster, the country becoming poorer and poorer, the old more and more neglected and we will thus bequeath to our children a country which we have allowed to become poor and backward, which once led the world. THE END

Don't neglect that DAMP

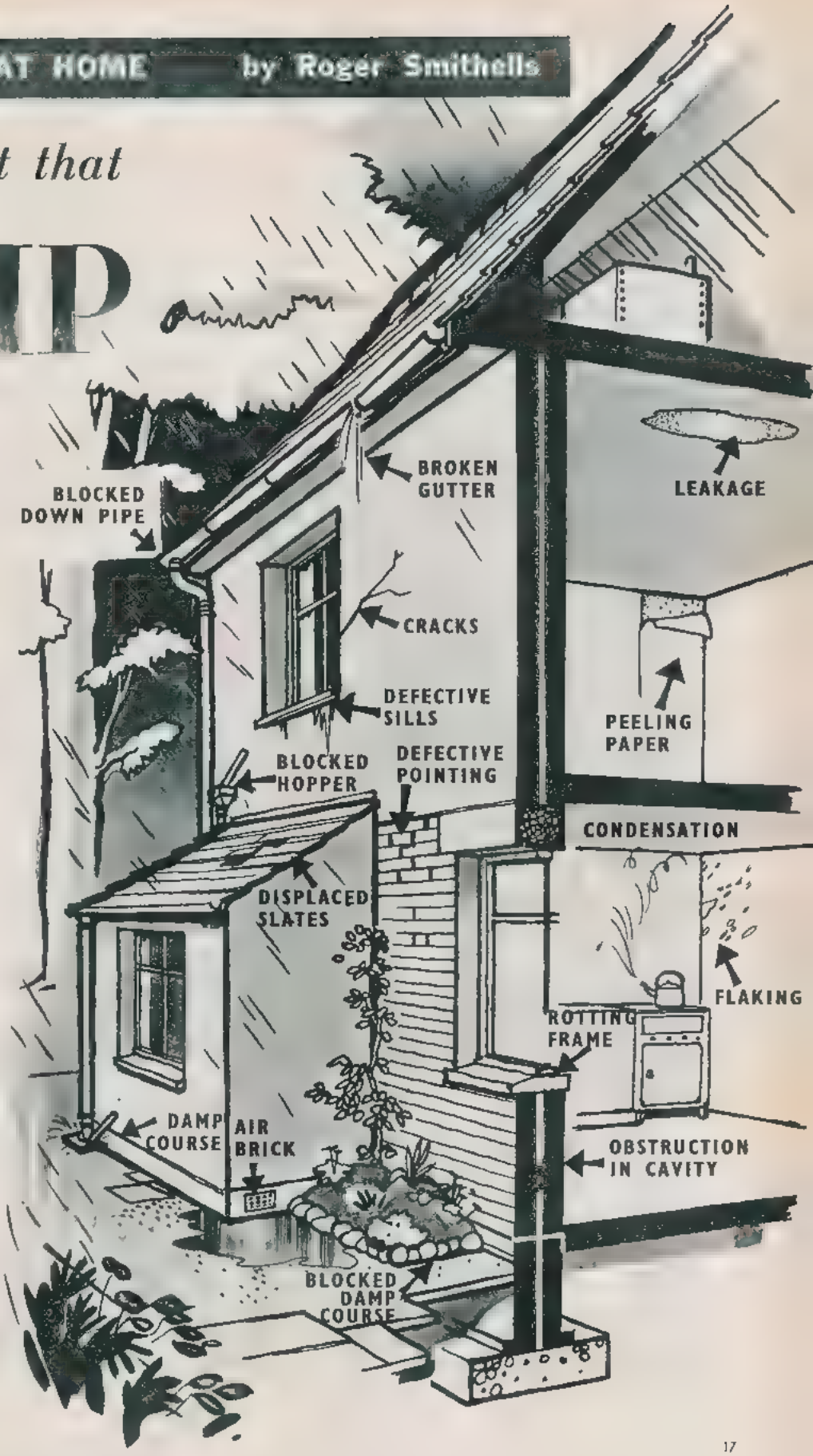
You'd like to ignore it but you can't—so here are some hints which will help

Two freak summers of cloud burst and blizzard added to normal winter rains have tested our household defences to the limit. Surprise patches of damp have appeared in thousands of homes which had seemed reasonably waterproof. Prolonged heavy rain will sooner or later find its way through faulty roofs and walls. Ignore the tell tale signs and you risk serious damage to the health of your house and your family.

If you have damp in your house already, hunt down its cause now and get rid of it. It is not enough to paint over the damp marks on the ceiling as the next rainstorm will destroy your work again. Neglected damp damages not only your decorations but also the fabric of the house. It can lead to corrosion of metalwork and decay or dry rot in woodwork. It can also contribute to a succession of colds, coughs and other afflictions.

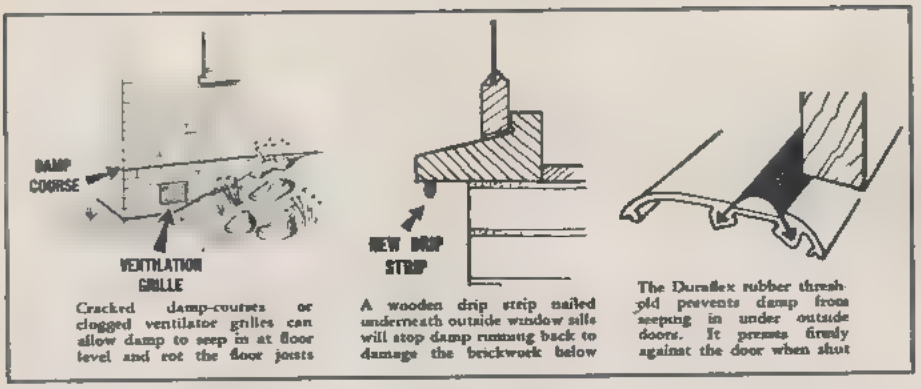
Patches of damp inside your home can be caused by a variety of outside defects. Faulty damp proof courses, damaged roofs, blocked gutters and so forth. Other causes are internal: leaking pipes or tanks, too much water used in cleaning, condensation. A large patch of damp does not necessarily indicate a very serious fault: it may just mean that a lot of rain has penetrated a small crack and been unable to escape again. Learn to diagnose the cause of patches correctly before attempting to cure them. A wrong cure may simply aggravate the trouble. If a wall which suffers from rising damp is painted on both sides with an impervious waterproof finish the damp is forced to climb higher up the wall in order to escape.

The moment a damp patch appears on a wall or ceiling, inspect the outside of the house for possible faults. This diagram will help you in your search.



DAMP FROM OUTSIDE

Roofs. The first weak spots found by extra heavy rain are likely to be in the roof. Rain falls into the attic and appears as damp patches on upstairs ceilings. But if a roof leak is left unchecked it may also seep down the rafters and into brickwork affecting walls as well. Prolonged seepage into the ceiling, besides being unsightly will, in time, rot the plaster. If you have a long ladder and a good head for heights,



Cracked damp-courses or clogged ventilator grilles can allow damp to seep in at floor level and rot the floor joists

A wooden drip strip nailed underneath outside window sills will stop damp running back to damage the brickwork below

The Duraflex rubber threshold prevents damp from seeping in under outside doors. It presses firmly against the door when shut

climb up and inspect the roof for leaks. These are not usually visible from the ground

Inspect slate or tile roofs for cracked or missing tiles. If missing, they should be replaced. Cracked tiles can sometimes be mended by painting them with bituminous compound, incorporating a piece of hessian in the patch. This is a good time to ask a builder to check up on the whole roof. If it has gone in one place, it is likely to go again and give you more trouble later. Tiled roofs should be kept clear of moss. This looks pretty but is a menace to the roof. Because moss holds water it keeps the tiles permanently damp which eventually harms them. Branches of overhanging trees should also be clipped clear of the roof. In a high wind these may crack or knock away tiles or slates.

REPAIRING SLATES

Leaks in asphalt, zinc, lead or corrugated iron roofs can be sealed with a bituminous compound and hessian, in the same way as a cracked tile. The hessian membrane will give the mend elasticity so that it will be able to expand and contract with temperature changes without cracking.

Asbestos cement slates which are often used for cheaper buildings such as sheds or garages may become waterlogged after long periods of heavy rain, and moisture will seep through. Keep these roofs scrupulously clear of moss. If they do become stained through wait until they have dried out thoroughly and coat them with bituminous waterproofing compound.

Blocked or broken gutters can cause cascades of water down the sides of the house—some of which will seep through and cause damp patches high on the walls of upstairs rooms. Gutter downpipes and hopper heads should be checked in autumn, when leaves from high trees often collect in them and stop the flow of water. Downpipes can be cleared with a long flexible wire gadget from below. Broken gutters should be replaced, or mended with one of the new fibreglass and resin kits, which will bond the new piece of guttering firmly to the old. Gutter supports which have corroded should be replaced, to avoid sagging and overspill. When inspecting gutters and pipes, lean your ladder against the wall, not against the pipe or gutter itself.

Faulty chimney flashings—the pieces of lead sheeting incorporated in the brickwork to direct water down on to the roof—will cause damp to seep down. Ask a builder to check on these when he inspects the tiles.

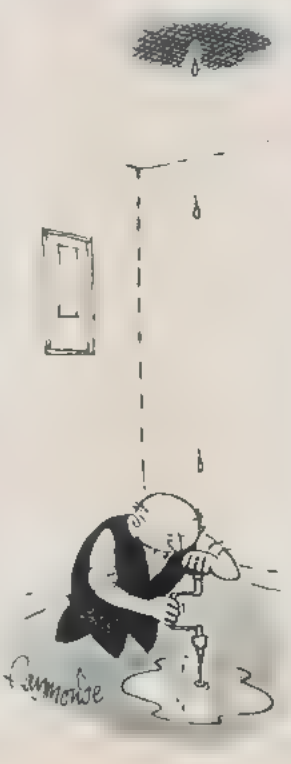
DAMP WALLS

Damp will seep through walls where the fabric has deteriorated and make unsightly patches on wallpaper or paint inside. If a patch appears, check first on the pointing of the brickwork immediately outside. It may be that the mortar has crumbled away, allowing moisture to seep into the bricks and through into the interior. If so, the bricks should be re-pointed. Clean out old mortar to a depth of between ½ in. and ¾ in., then re-point with new mortar made up of 2 parts cement to 1 part sand mixed to a thick paste with water. Give the pointing a downward slope so that rain will run off it.

A more troublesome fault in outside walls is cracked or damaged cement rendering over brickwork. The cracks admit water when it rains, but since the rendering is waterproof the moisture cannot evaporate and works its way through to the inside. The rendering should be made good and painted with a silicone solution which will allow moisture in the wall to evaporate but not admit any more. Wait until the moisture trapped in the wall has all evaporated before re-decorating inside, or decorations may be spoiled again.

Brickwork which has become porous through age will let in seeping moisture, particularly in the case of non-cavity walls. Such brickwork should be cleaned thoroughly, all loose particles and efflorescence scraped off. It should be re-pointed where necessary, and painted with one of the special colourless water-repellent silicone solutions.

Cavity walls, which are built with an air space between two brick skins, are effective in keeping out the damp which is confined to the outer wall. But sometimes bits of mortar or brick will fall down between the two walls and pile up on one of the metal ties which keep them together. This forms a bridge between the walls across which moisture creeps. Mending this kind of fault is a job for your builder.



Horizontal damp-proof courses, which consist of a layer of waterproof material inserted between two layers of brick below floor level on the ground floor, are found in most houses built in the last thirty years or so. If damp is coming into your house at floor level, it may be that there is a fault in the damp-proof course, repairing this is another job for the builder. But it may be that a rockery or high banked flower bed, or stack of coal has been heaped against the wall thereby short-circuiting the damp-proof course, and allowing water to seep in above it. If so, you can cure the damp by reducing the heap to a level below the damp-course.

A vertical damp-proof course consists of a facing of bituminous material, waterproof cement or slate to lower part of the wall down to foundation level. A vertical damp-proof course is usually built to augment a horizontal course in areas liable to floods. It can also be added to old houses without underpinning. Persistent damp inside may mean that this damp-proof course is cracked, in which case you must have it repaired or removed as it will harbour the damp rather than repel it.

Air bricks, which are put into walls below floor level to ventilate wooden floors, sometimes get clogged up with leaves or earth, and should be inspected regularly. If no air is circulating under the floor, it is liable to develop dry rot, which is difficult and expensive to cure. If you live in an area which is liable to flood—and you should know after this summer whether you do or not—it may be worth your while to build a small protective wall round air-bricks, or they may defeat their purpose altogether by letting in floods of water under the floor.

RISING DAMP

Basement walls which let in damp, but which you cannot treat outside, can be painted on the inside with water repellent solution. This will lessen, but not cure, the trouble. If you can afford it, it is a far better idea to call in experts to install a very efficient damp-coursing system of little porous tubes which are inserted into brickwork at regular intervals to keep it ventilated by providing points where moisture can evaporate. This system is an ingenious answer to the problem of rising damp in old buildings.

Windows and doors. The fact that they open and shut makes doors and windows a natural weak link in our defences against damp. Window sills usually slope slightly downwards, but water is often trapped between the sill and the closed window by capillary attraction. If the window is not opened for a week or two, which can easily happen in winter, the water will stay on the paintwork and eventually rot the wood. A simple precaution against this is to open each window after a rain storm for a few minutes, to allow the water to run away.

Under sills there should be a "drip groove" cut into the wood. This prevents water from seeping backwards into the wall. If this groove has become clogged with paint, as often happens, you can cut a piece of beading to fit the window, and nail it to the bottom of the sill, embedded in red lead. This will serve the same purpose.

Cracked cement sills also let in damp. The cracks must be cut out and the cement renewed. Check also round the frames to see whether the mortar between these and the walls is damaged and letting in the damp. Cracks should be filled with cement or sealing compound.

Water may be blown under doors which have no weatherboard at the bottom. The best solution to this problem is to fit a flexible rubber threshold like the Duraflex unit shown in the diagram. There are several varieties on the market.

Leaking pipes and water tanks can cause damp on walls and ceilings. Repairing such leaks has hitherto been a job for the plumber. Now you may be able to do it yourself with the help of one of the new Household repair kits using resin combined with fibre glass or a powdered medium. If you are calling in the plumber, make a temporary repair by wiping the pipe dry and binding it tightly with adhesive tape. Check pipes in cupboards and closed spaces. A secret leak may cause secret damage.

STOP THE FLOOD

Overflowing cisterns need adjustment to the ball-cock. You can stop a flood by turning off the local stop-cock, which you will find near the tank itself or the main stop-cock near the point where the water supply enters the house.

Too much water used in building the house may take years to dry out. Symptoms: peeling paper, damp marks on paint. All you can do in this case is to wait until the water has finally evaporated. Good heating will hasten the process.

Condensation in the form of water running down the walls of kitchens or bathrooms is a familiar sight. This happens when the air in a room is overloaded with water vapour. If the air in a room remains at a constant temperature and steam is pouring into it, from a kettle or a bath full of hot water, there comes a point when it can hold no more and any more vapour will condense into water on walls and windows. This condition is aggravated when the surface of walls or windows is much colder than the atmosphere of the room.

Cure. The first step is to improve ventilation. Severe condensation in kitchens can often be cured by fitting a flue over the cooker to take away steam, and a ventilator fan in wall or window. I have just done this job in my own kitchen and you will find details on page 30. The next move is to make the walls warmer, so that the warm air inside will not condense on contact with them. Installing skirting heating or a radiator under the window-sill do this permanently at a considerable cost, but a cheap method is to paint walls with Seculate anti-condensation compound, which gives a rough warm finish to the wall. This is off white in its natural state but can be coloured with various special decorative finishes later.

PRODUCTS MENTIONED

For further details write to the following firms

Roof Sealers "Synthaprufe" National Coal Board, National Provincial Bank Buildings, Docks Cardiff. *Roof Sealers* Wintrex Ewole Ltd., Glover Street Stafford. "Bitrol "B" Damp Proofing Ltd. 1 K Works Gosterwood Street Deptford London S E 8. "Supreme Water Repellent Solution"—Silicaseal Ltd., Westgate Higg Grange, Newcastle upon Tyne. 4. "Breda" – Perimachos, Ltd., St Philips, Bristol 2. Wykamit Richardson and Starling Ltd., Hyde Street Winchester. *Damp Proof Course System*, British Knapen, Ltd., Stone Grove Manor, Edgware Middlesex. *Anti-condensation Compound* "Seculate" British Lead Mills Ltd Byron House, 7 8, 9 St James's Street London, S W 1. *Resin Repair Kits* Bondaglass, Ltd., 55 South End Croydon, Surrey Douglas Holt Ltd., Vulcan Way New Addington Surrey. *Door Sealer* Duraflex Adams and Benson (Dalbuirk), Ltd Oldbury Road, Albion, West Bromwich, Staffs.

Massacre of the little ships

by C. E. LUCAS PHILLIPS

One by one the gallant launches fell to the enemy guns. And in their flames died the commandos' chances of escape

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARDS

In the face of a vicious enemy barrage, Savage took steady aim and fired at the shore

Now the demolition teams of commandos were ready to withdraw. They were filled with elation at the most brilliant success of their missions on 'Operation Chariot.' Indeed, the whole fabulous raid on St Nazaire, one of the most daring feats of the second World War, if not of the Royal Navy's history—"the sauciest since Drake,' it has been called—had so far achieved almost miraculous results.

Commander R. E. D. Ryder had brought his flotilla of the old destroyer Campbeltown, a gunboat and some launches, right into the harbour of St. Nazaire on the night of March 27, 1942.

And through a wall of gunfire Lieutenant-Commander Sam Beattie had rammed Campbeltown, crammed with explosives on delayed action fuses, fast against the gate of the great Normandie Dock, of which vital asset the German battleships were thus to be denied for the rest of the war.

From Campbeltown's smoking decks the commandos had scrambled ashore, silenced the German guns, blown up the pumps and winding-gear of the dock. Now, through the quickening fury of the awakening opposition, the demolition teams were prepared to re-embark, leaving their dead behind, but carrying their wounded.

The route for all parties lay through Captain Donald Roy's bridgehead at the Old Entrance and so to the headquarters of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Newman, military forces commander.

Major Bill Copland, second-in-command, had passed through on his way to organize the re-embarkation at the Old Mole, and with his passage occurred a shameful incident of which happily, there were few examples. As he began to move there was a sharp burst of fire on the bridge and he called out the names of his men in turn.

Corporal J. F. Cheetham did not answer, for he had been wounded and was lying forty yards away. Copland said to Roy: "Bring him in, will you, Donald? I must get on."

Not much relishing the task, The Laird—as the Scots officer was known to his commandos—set off alone, found the corporal and supported him back to the bridgehead. There he told Private J. Gwynne, who had just had a finger shot off, to get the corporal back to the Regimental Aid Post beyond the bridge.

The two soldiers crossed the bridge safely, the corporal supported by the private. There they ran head-on into a German tommy-gun patrol. Unable to defend themselves, they were caught and stripped of their possessions. The Germans ordered the unsuspecting soldiers to run for it, one at a time. Gwynne was the first to go and as he ran the Germans riddled him with bullets in the back. This was the abominable trick of shooting "an escaping prisoner."

Cheetham managed by a miracle to dive behind cover and somehow made his way in a shaken condition to Newman's precarious and now threatened command post.

Now one by one all the demolition teams came through the bridgehead, darting silently among the shadows, several of them carrying or supporting their wounded comrades, suffering further casualties as they came through and, giving their recognition signals to Roy, passed on singly across the fire-swept bridge. Lieutenant Stuart Chant, whose party arrived first, found the safest means of crossing by climbing down to the sub-structure of the bridge and crossing underneath hand-over-hand.

Chant then led his team to Newman's precarious headquarters, now a very hot spot, with German parties firing into it from only thirty or forty yards away. Found Colonel Charles beaming jovially, saluted and said: "Task completed, sir—pump-house destroyed."

Lieutenants Gerard Brett and Corran Purdon—leaders of other teams—both wounded, came through, with the same reports of success. Lieutenant Bill

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The greatest raid of all

continued from previous page

Etches had crawled through earlier. Finally there came Captain Bob Montgomery, liaison officer with the navy, who had just blown up a railway truck and who said "We're here, sir. All demolition tasks completed. Do I now have to embark, or may I go and look for Bill Pritchard?" Captain Pritchard was the demolitions expert who had planned the destruction.

Captain Stanley Day, Newman's adjutant, said: "Embark? Just look at the river."

The spectacle which met all eyes that turned to the river at that moment was one of flames and desolation, becoming every minute more savage, as the little troop-carrying motor launches came forward with the greatest dash and valour, to fall victims one by one to the enemy's guns. As they caught alight, or blew up in violent explosions, pools of burning petrol spread far and wide, their flames licking the surface of the water.

This was, of course, the direct consequence of the enemy's loss of interest in what had been going on in the air. From the moment that the R.A.F. bombing stopped, only the grossest negligence by the Germans could have saved the little wooden boats from the waiting guns. Nobody supposed for a moment that motor launches could assault fortified harbours. As soon as they had been spotted one would have thought that their death sentence had been pronounced.

The river battle was taking place at the same time as the dockyard battle. There were seventeen little ships and each was a story to itself.

The stories crowd into two focal points—the Old Entrance, hard by the caisson that Campbeltown had just rammed, where the starboard flotilla of motor launches was due to land the commandos for Newman's Group Two tasks in the centre of the assault area, and the Old Mole, where the port column was to land those for Group One on the left.

Sharing in the fortunes and misfortunes of both were those various other craft which were not carrying troops—Lieutenant Dunstan Curtis's gunboat, which was Ryder's headquarters ship throughout, Lieutenant Tom Boyd's and Lieutenant C. S. B. Irwin's two torpedo-carrying boats in the van, Sub-Lieutenant Micky Wynn's tempestuous little torpedo-boat, and the single spare motor launch of young Sub-Lieutenant N. R. Nock in the rear.

First launch hit

Leading the starboard column of troop-carrying boats was Lieutenant-Commander W. L. Stephens, a spirited and charming Ulsterman of thirty. He was carrying the assault party that was intended to attack the group of targets at the swing bridge far away beyond the north end of the Normandie Dock. But his was the first of the motor launches to come to grief—it was mortally hit even before Campbeltown rammed.

When abeam of the Old Mole, a shell tore a four-foot hole in the engine-room, port side, a sheet of flame shot straight up into the air and the light craft was flung hard over to port, out of control. A second shell penetrated the petrol compartment and a third holed the boat on the waterline.

Stephens gave the order to abandon the burning ship. The wounded were put off on a Carley raft, but the boat herself was carried downstream by the strong current, which that night was to be the cause of many deaths from drowning. All but five of the commandos were lost by gunshot or drowning. Four of the ship's company perished. The only man to escape capture was Captain Michael Burn. Entering the water, he sank like a rock under his heavy load of ammunition but Lance-Corporal A. Young seized him and towed him to the shore.

On the quay the commando party became separated, but Burn quickly recovered and, by an astonishing effort, made his way entirely alone across the whole enemy-occupied Jockyard area to his target area three-quarters of a mile away. He found, however, that there was nothing he could do, for the gun towers that he was to attack were unoccupied, he made an attempt to set them on fire but could do no more alone.

Coming up astern of Stephens was Lieutenant E. A. Burt, the young Scotland Yard detective. He wore a small, trim, black beard and was one of those men whose heart was in serving at sea. He had been a merchant service cadet in the old Worcester, but had then followed his father in the Metropolitan Police.

In this launch was the demolition party of Lieutenant Mark Woodcock, of No. 3 Commando, with Lieutenant R. F. Morgan in command of his protection squad, their task being the destruction of Bridge G and the two adjacent lock gates.

Burt came up in great style and, seeing Stephens ahead of him hit, increased to full speed to close up the line.

Obliged, however, to take violent avoiding action and dazzled by the searchlights, he overshot his Old Entrance landing place and found himself a few hundred yards up the river before the landmarks disclosed to him his error.

Turning short round, he met Lieutenant E. H. Beart next astern in the starboard column, who had made the same error, and he spoke to him over the loud-hailer and, proceeding, gained the Old Entrance under fire. Manoeuvring to avoid the loose ends of the broken torpedo net, Burt successfully landed all his troops on the upstream side of

Regardless of his own safety, A.B. William Savage stayed at his gun. For his bravery he was awarded the V.C. posthumously

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While escaping out to sea in a torpedo boat after the raid on St. Nazaire, Bill Lovegrove (right) saved Micky Wynn's life

the Old Entrance in accordance with his orders

The moment they landed however, the commandos came under a stinging fire from the twenty-millimetre guns of one of the harbour-defence ships immediately facing them in the Submarine Basin only a matter of 150 yards away They suffered casualties at once From the bridge of the motor launch Burt and Stoker L. H Ball gave covering fire with their stripped Lewis guns, but it was not enough Morgan and Woodcock re-embarked, asking Burt to put them ashore on the downstream side It was at this moment that Lieutenant Christopher Smalley and his party, having destroyed their wireless-house, ran down and embarked

As the launch manoeuvred in the confined space of the Old Entrance for a fresh landing the microphone of Burt's loud-hailer was shot out of his hand. Smalley was killed trying to release the forward Oerlikon. Another burst of twenty-millimetre fire struck the after Oerlikon, killing Able Seaman J. D. Walker and severely wounding Sub-Lieutenant K I. Hills and Able Seaman W. J. Martin. The commandos replied with Bren guns and, while Burt conned the ship, Stoker Ball kept up a vivacious fire with his Lewis from the wing of the bridge I never saw a man," recorded Ted Burt, who laughed in action as he did "

Commandos landed

Burt withdrew into open water and shaped course downriver under heavy fire, continuing to sustain casualties He worked up to full speed until nearly abreast of the Old Mole and there he caught sight of Lieutenant T A M Collier's boat, on the port column, disabled and under heavy fire after having skilfully and gallantly landed his commandos. Without hesitation, Burt immediately went to his assistance.

As their boats lay motionless in the glare of the searchlights only a cable length off the tip of the bristling mole the two friends spoke a few hurried words. Tom Collier, who had just given the order to abandon ship, was alone on the bridge of his dying craft, badly wounded, a leg shattered and nearly severed. To Burt's offer to take him off he gave an emphatic refusal he would not endanger the other ship by another moment's delay. He said quietly: "I've had it, Ted. Get out quickly before the bastards get you, too."

Burt gave the order, "Full ahead together," but the Germans had seen him stop. Three shells hit the ship in quick succession—on the bridge itself, in the engine-room and aft. The engines, steering gear and telegraphs were put out of action. Five commandos and Stoker F Hollands were killed. Mark Woodcock fell, both legs shattered. Ball was hit in both legs also but, without a murmur, hobbled aft in obedience to Burt's order to help Sub-Lieutenant E. C. A Roberts to rig the hand-steering gear

Now out of control, ML262, as well as Collier's a little way off, drifted out into mid-river and there, at approximately 2.45 a.m., with fourteen or more dead, with most of the others wounded, with the ship on fire amidships and all the guns out of action, Burt gave the order to abandon ship.

All hands slipped over the side into the icy waters. Burt himself put the shattered Woodcock and Hills over the side on a splinter-mat, but both of them tried with their last strength to clamber on board again so that the mat could be used by others. The remaining wounded were put on the Carley rafts, to drift precariously with the current among patches of burning petrol. Lieutenant Burt drifted downstream until, by good fortune, he was carried on to Les Morées Tower, where he lost consciousness until he was picked up by the Germans next morning.

Very much the same anguished fate befell the third of the troop-carrying MLs, commanded by Lieutenant E. H. Beart, a solicitor of about thirty-five or so, tall fair and a most attractive personality. He had brought a rugger ball with him, hoping for a game on the quay while the commandos were about their business He had on board Newman's tiny fighting reserve under the splendid and gallant figure of Regimental Sergeant-Major A. Moss.

A mass of flames

Beart duly landed his commandos, but they also were repulsed and re-embarked. Manoeuvring in the Old Entrance, Beart came under well directed fire. In a few minutes the ship was enveloped in flames and the order to abandon was given, Beart himself being mortally wounded

The commandos, swimming or on Carley rafts, made for shore in an attempt to carry out their mission Here it was that Moss, being on a Carley raft, saw a very young soldier in the water It was Private T Diamond. Without hesitation, he slipped off, and ordered Diamond to take his place He then, with others, towed or pushed the raft towards shore and in doing so was, it seems, shot in the head and never seen again Out of the eleven commandos on board, only three survived.

Swifter still was the fate of Lieutenant A. D. B. Tillie's ship, number four in the column He came under heavy and accurate fire and in a moment the boat was a mass of flaming petrol a little astern of Campbeltown. After some minutes she blew up, spreading far and wide a fountain of blazing petrol.

Tillie lived, but nearly all other hands on board were lost. Of the seventeen commandos on board only Sergeant J Knowles and Lance-Corporal F Parkes managed to swim ashore, the remainder being drowned or overcome in the lake of burning petrol that spread over the surface of the water

So the first four troop-carrying boats in the starboard column were completely destroyed. The fifth, commanded by the gay, handsome and spirited film actor, Lieutenant Leslie Fenton, was one of the four torpedo MLs and was no less severely handled but yet escaped destruction. He carried the assault party of Captain Dickie Hooper.

Very early in the action both Fenton and Hooper were badly wounded by a direct hit from a shell on the bridge Fenton increased speed, made a complete circle and shaped course again for the Old Entrance. He then collapsed and handed over to Sub-Lieutenant N G Machin, his first lieutenant, but Machin also was badly hit, the Lockheed steering was knocked out and one engine put out of action. After an attempt had been made to torpedo a

continued on page 39

In short

Dark Meeting With Dog Next Door

Irritating hairball round a bark,
He greets me with surprising fulminations,
I see that he mistook me in the dark
For something mean that he's been waiting for.
I pat. He wags. Sweet peace! But when I go,
He growls again, as though to have me know
(In case I think I'm proved his trusted neighbour),
Man's never through with social obligations

DON GEIGER

Summing Up

The point, Members of the Jury, is whether Alex Ford did or did not promise marriage to Hetty Wild, and the tedious arguments about the furnishing of the matrimonial home are of secondary importance. You may well feel, as I certainly feel, that you never wish to hear the words "cocktail cabinet," "cellarette" and "portable bar" again.

It is agreed that the Defendant's actual words were. "You wouldn't think of marrying me, would you?" The Plaintiff has said that she thought his expression when he said them was shy, eager, hopeful and pleading. He, however, told us in the witness box that he was merely chaffing her for her forward demeanour. Cross-examined about his expression, he described it as "A man-of-the-world look."

Mrs. Wild, the Plaintiff's mother, attempted to blacken Mr Ford's name. It is for you to decide whether her account of what happened after the Bowls Club Dance bore the ring of truth, especially his alleged attempts to ignite the Treasurer

A curious light was thrown upon the Plaintiff by a Mr Boyd, who said that she was known in the neighbourhood as "The Bird of Prey."

R. G. G. PRICE

Family Tree

Well, it's a long time since I last saw you, isn't it, Eric?

Barbara, don't you think he looks more like our side of the family than his father's?

Oh, yes. He's got Mother's eyes.

Susan, do you know who he reminds me of?

Charlie?

No, I wasn't thinking of Charlie, but I see what you mean. Those ears. He's got Charlie's ears—I hope he hasn't got his habits! I was thinking he looks a bit like that film actor—

Marlon Brando? A lot of people think he looks like Marlon Brando.

No . . Ian Carmichael! That's who he reminds me of. Ian Carmichael in one of his more serious moods.

I can't say that I've noticed it. But sometimes he looks awfully like Marlon Brando—especially when he's got homework

What are you going to do when you leave school, dear?

—With that high forehead he should be clever

Yes, he has got a good brain. Of course he gets that from our family

Your Uncle Peter is very clever He looks like Peter when he smiles, doesn't he Susan?

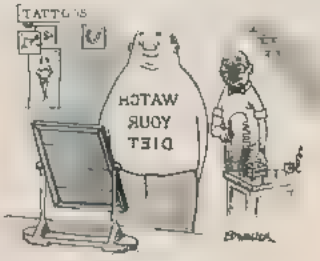
That's what I'm always telling his father. I say when Eric smiles he's Peter. . . . You can run along now, dear.

Goodbye, dear. . . . Susan, did you notice?

Notice what?

The way he said "goodbye." Who did he remind you of?

MICHAEL O'LEARY



Foreign Affairs

Daniel Duffy, in charge of the New York subway's lost property department, stared in amazement at a recent lost article. "Now I've seen everything," he said. It was a sixty-pound granite gravestone.

Bill Jennings asked Boston, Mass, municipal authorities to install three lamp posts outside his home. His reason—he wanted to work in his garden at night.

Colours

Colours are quite the loveliest things,
Gay butterflies on painted wings.
Yet any coward of a fellow
Is very often known as yellow
While if he's full of jealous spleen,
Then his condition's always green
When in a murderous rage, this twerp'll
Have sight as red and speech as purple
If he should whine that life is too
Depressing, then he turns to blue
In short, for each unpleasing crisis
He but adds colour to his vices.
Which only shows the English mind
Is virulently colour-blind.

B. R. GIBBS

The stocks a

Peter had just recovered from the shower of over-ripe tomatoes, when a noisy knot

Justice was rough but ready at the bar of the Blackamoor's Head. For bickering lovers the sentence could last a lifetime

THERE have been wild rumours about the stocks at High Colmore, and even slanders uttered against old Daniel Hogan. Such loose talk is bound to go on until the whole story is told, so here is the truth of the matter.

Old Daniel Hogan, of course, is the licensee of High Colmore's pub the Blackamoor's Head. With his seamed and weatherbeaten countenance he might almost pass for the blackamoor himself, and sometimes he does allow strangers to assume that he is a retired sea captain, master in sail and steam for fifty years. But the fact is that Daniel made his money in the textile trade and just happens to have that kind of face. Fortunately, his daughter Madge didn't inherit it, if she ever cared to enter, that sparkling brunette could have been carnival queen of the nearby town of Wisby any year.

There had been a set of stocks at High Colmore as long as could be remembered. When Daniel first saw them they were in a very poor shape, green with moss where they weren't powdery with rot. They stood slap opposite the Blackamoor's Head on a piece of waste land belonging to old Ted Batchiffe, who kept chickens on it.

Daniel was a keen believer in the preservation of rural England, and had already spent a great deal of money making his late Victorian inn look like an ancient monument by the cunning use of rolled steel joists disguised as beams of solid oak. So in the end Dan bought the quarter-acre of waste-land from Ted, stocks and all, and at once set out to restore them. He hired Les Cummings, the carpenter, for the work and his instructions were explicit.

"I want the whole job," he said. "Hasp and clamp and padlock and all. No half-larks. I want 'em to work properly."

And thus it was that High Colmore came to possess perhaps the only example of usable lockable stocks in the country. Daniel kept the key hung up behind his bar.

There is a maxim which says that if you make a better mouse-trap, or safety-pin, or whatever, than anybody else, then the world will beat a path to your door. Rather surprisingly, this holds good to a certain extent for stocks also. Once the stocks were usable they were used.

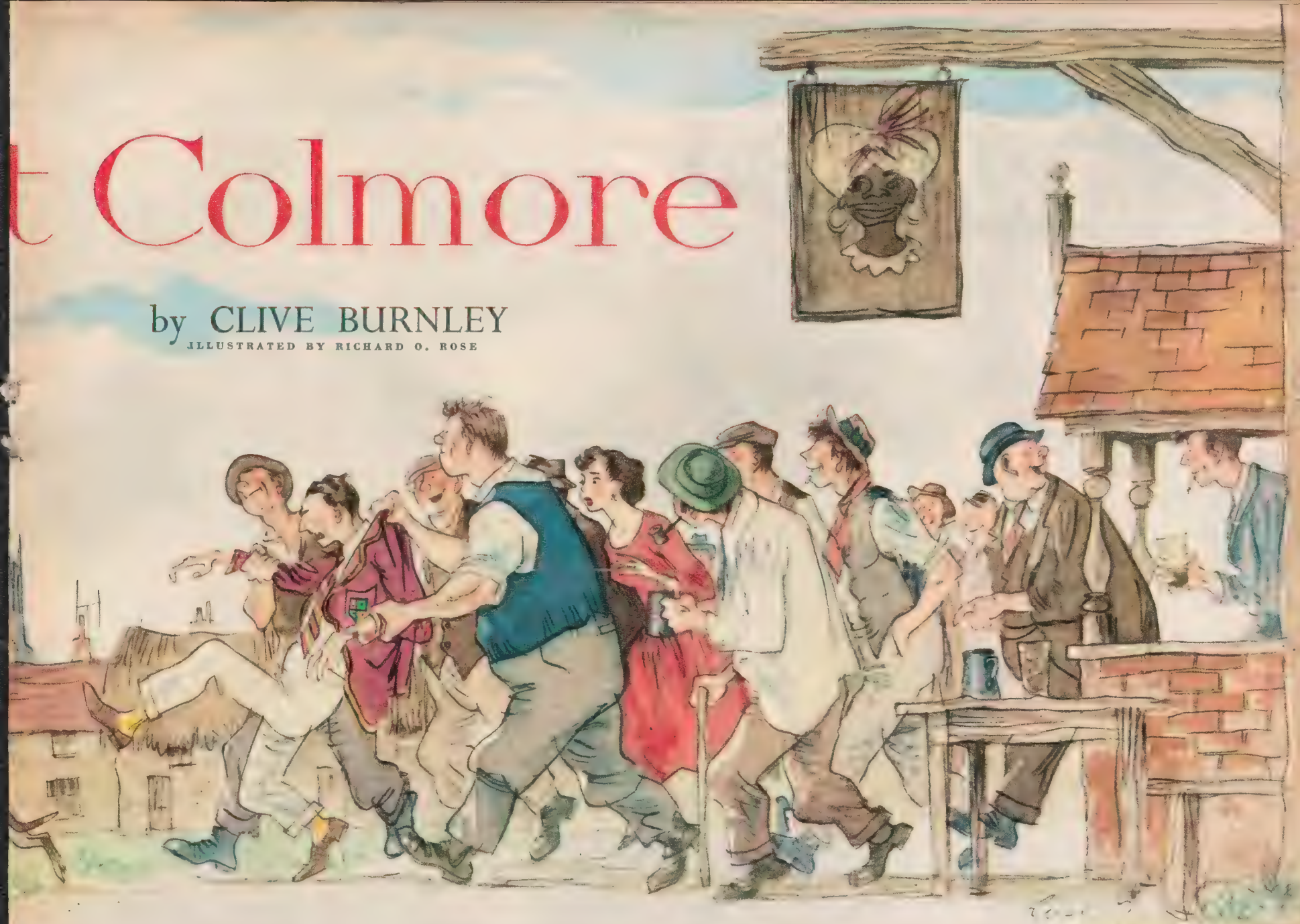
Partly, this was horseplay on the part of the pub's regular customers, who would occasionally sentence one of their number to ten minutes or more in the stocks for some lapse or other; sometimes it was more serious as when, after a New Year's Eve rout, Daniel gave Loftus Mallaren the choice between going for a swim in the pond or sitting in the stocks. Loftus disputes it to the stocks. Loftus liked his liquor too much to hesitate.

There was also the occasion when the burglar was [illegible] Mrs Mar[illegible]'s general store they put him in the stocks to wait for the police car from Wisby. And Mary Petherbridge brought her boy Roger along several times after he was caught [illegible] and emptying [illegible] hoping [illegible] to see [illegible] at last [illegible] that she could have a rest. However, the stocks

t Colmore

by CLIVE BURNLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE



f men burst from the inn and headed towards the stocks with another struggling victim

weren't designed for six-year-old feet and the idea had to be abandoned.

Highly coloured rumours of these goings-on had reached Wisby, but it was the events of last June which produced the greatest sensation.

The thing began when Peter Preston drove up to High Colmore one sunny Saturday morning in his midget sports car. Peter was an easy-mannered, casual sort of young man—a junior executive in the same Wisby office in which Madge was a shorthand typist.

This time he had been a little too casual. For some while, prolonging the business in order to get the maximum of pleasure out of it, he had been cultivating the girl, supremely confident that he and she, like the people in the song, were the only boy and girl in the world. But Madge had very obviously grown tired of this and had rushed off and got herself engaged to, of all possible males, Ed Stringer!

As soon as Peter heard of this, he drove at speed to the Blackamoor's Head.

When he walked into the bar, Madge was there arranging delphiniums in a pot on one of the plastic-topped tables. She looked so beautiful bending over the blue spikes, and Peter was so conscious of the necessity for doing something dramatic, that without a moment's hesitation he swept her into his arms and gave her a long and passionate kiss, while the vase of flowers toppled over and the water went *glog-glog-glog* on to the floor.

Peter meant this as a statement, a declaration. An attack of this kind, however, can trigger certain instinctive reactions. It was so sudden that Madge had no idea who this over-enthusiastic admirer might be. She therefore barked his right shin with her left foot and placed the flat of her right hand with a resounding thwack on his left ear, so that he staggered backwards and knocked over more delphiniums.

At that moment, Daniel Hogan himself came out from behind the bar, and the clatter brought half a dozen regulars tumbling through the partition door from the public side—Ginger Joe Moody, Bill Sanders, Charley Applecross, Mike Harris and a few others.

"This fellow," Dan explained to them, ". . . he busts right in, grabs Madge and kisses her like a maniac."

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"You've done it now, my lad. You'll have to be tried for this in court."

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Peter shrugged his shoulders. "I know what this is leading up to."

"We'll see if your guess is right," said Daniel. He retired behind the bar, put on his green fishing hat by way of a wig, and banged on the counter with a pair of ice-tongs. "Very well, gentlemen. Court is convened."

"M'lud," said Charley Applecross, "as these proceedings may be somewhat lengthy and it would be undesirable to interrupt them in the middle of cross-examination, I submit that the jurors should be allowed to refresh themselves before the case is opened."

"Certainly," agreed the judge. "Two pints? Light ale, dark sherry. And, of course, the judicial pink gin. Let me see—eight and fourpence. Prisoner at the bar! I suppose you realize you're likely to be heavily fined? I'd advise you in your own interests to pay eight and fourpence into court."

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"Thank you."

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"Well, there are limits," said Madge hotly. "He didn't say a word—he just rushed up and grabbed me. How was I to know who it was?"

"And that concludes the case for the prosecution," said Daniel. "*Can* there be any defence?"

"Well, if I was hired as defending counsel," Ginger Joe remarked, "I could prove he was in Newcastle at the time. But I couldn't do it in five minutes: I'd have to get you all blind drunk first."

"I have a perfect defence," said Peter. "Simple, honest and absolutely cast iron. . . . Judge, I love your daughter."

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"And that's another charge," said old Dan. "Slander."

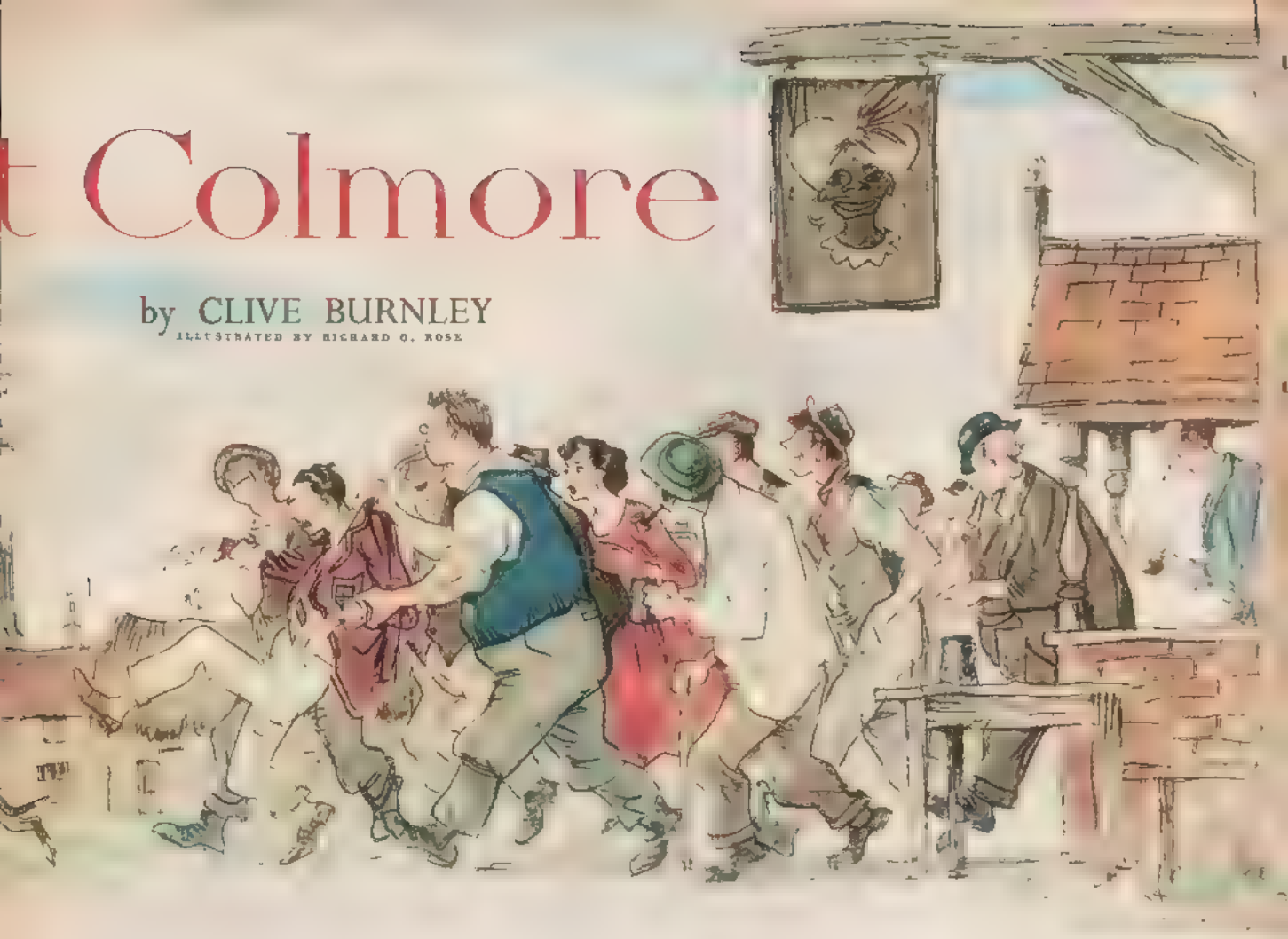
"Well, let's face it," Peter retorted. "About the only thing you can say for Ed Stringer is that he was clever enough to arrange to have wealthy parents. He might do as an ornament for somebody's mantelpiece, but as a husband for a girl like Madge. . . ."

"I think it's despicable," said

t Colmore

by CLIVE BURNLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE



f men burst from the inn and headed towards the stocks with another struggling victim

weren't designed for six-year-old feet and the idea had to be abandoned.

Highly coloured rumours of these goings-on had reached Wisby, but it was the events of last June which produced the greatest sensation.

The thing began when Peter Preston drove up to High Colmore one sunny Saturday morning in his midget sports car. Peter was an easy-mannered, casual sort of young man—a junior executive in the same Wisby office in which Madge was a shorthand typist.

This time he had been a little too casual. For some while, prolonging the business in order to get the maximum of pleasure out of it, he had been cultivating the girl, supremely confident that he and she, like the people in the song, were the only boy and girl in the world. But Madge had very obviously grown tired of this and had rushed off and got herself engaged to, of all possible males, Ed Stringer.

As soon as Peter heard of this, he drove at speed to the Blackamoor's Head.

When he walked into the bar, Madge was there arranging delphiniums in a pot on one of the plastic topped tables. She looked so beautiful bending over the blue spikes, and Peter was so conscious of the necessity for doing something dramatic, that without a moment's hesitation he swept her into his arms and gave her a long and passionate kiss, while the vase of flowers toppled over and the water went *glog-glog-glog* on to the floor.

Peter meant this as a statement a declaration. An attack of this kind, however, can trigger certain instinctive reactions. It was so sudden that Madge had no idea who this over-enthusiastic admirer might be. She therefore barked his right shin with her left foot and placed the flat of her right hand with a resounding thwack on his left ear, so that he staggered backwards and knocked over more delphiniums.

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'Yes, I have to admit I was guilty on those charges,' said Peter. 'Now, before you say a word, let me get rather up-and-grandfatherly. I know I've known who it was.'

'And that concludes the case for the prosecution,' said Daniel. 'Can there be any defence?'

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The stocks at Colmore

continued from previous page

Madge, "talking like that about him behind his back."

"I suppose the prisoner is aware," said Daniel, "that the engagement had this court's judicial blessing."

All the same," said Peter, "it was a plain lapse of parental duty. The court ought to be ashamed of itself.

"And that's another charge," said Daniel. "Contempt."

"I think the jury's agreed," said Charley Applecross. "Guilty as charged, on all counts."

"Strong reckymendation to mercy, though, yer washup," said Bill Sanders. "I mean, crikey, if a ga. walks around looking the way Madge does, ain't it natural for a boy to. . . Well, I tell you straight, Judge, if I was ten year younger—"

"I don't doubt it," said Daniel. "But that has nothing to do with the case in hand. . . . Peter Preston, you stand convicted of ten or twelve offences of one sort or another. Have you anything to say before sentence?"

"I'd like to apologize to the lady," said Peter. "Apart from that, it doesn't much matter what I say, does it? I'll go quietly. Just send me out a glass of beer from time to time."

"Take him away," said Daniel.

So they took Peter out in solemn procession into the bright midsummer sunshine and set him in the stocks. locked him there, left him there.

PETER had to wait ten minutes for his beer. But when it came it was, very surprisingly, brought by Madge.

"I'm not doing this because I'm in the least bit sorry for you," she explained. "If there's one type of person I hate, it's the conceited sort of man who thinks every girl he sees is head over heels in love with him."

I'm not half as conceited as Ed.

"And why shouldn't he be? He's clever, he—"

"Clever in a nasty sort of way," said Peter. "It just beats me completely how you could ever—"

"Stop that, Peter. I brought this out because I have something to tell you. Daddy's done a crazy thing. I can't possibly think why. He's sent Bill down to fetch Ed. Oh, Peter, promise me you won't fight him. . .

"I won't promise anything. It depends how Ed behaves."

"I hope it rains," Madge told him. "I hope it hails. I won't let them let you out, even if it snows." And she went back to the inn.

A little later a freckle-faced little boy wandered up with his hands in his pockets and asked: "What did old Dan put you in there for?"

"I put poison in his beer," said Peter. "You tell your dad never to go near the Blackamoor's Head in case he gets any of it."

Well, see if this kills you," said Ginger Joe coming out with a glass. With the jury's compliments. Only another thirty minutes."

SHORTLY afterwards, the encounter which Madge had dreaded took place. Ed Stringer appeared. He was as sardonic and over-elegant as ever.

Very pleasant to see these old customs revived," said Stringer. "Are you comfortable in there?"

"Perfectly. Nothing like putting your feet up—it's good for the circulation."

"I hope it teaches you a lesson," Ed continued. "You ought to be emotionally mature at your age, instead of rushing about pestering young women."

"Well, I'm handicapped," Peter answered. "I don't have your charm. I have to be a caveman. *You* can just do it with orchids, I suppose. Or hypnotism. Or—or something. Looking you over, Ed, I'm damned if I can see what you do it with."

"I wouldn't expect you to understand," Ed said. Then he added: By the way, just before I came over, I phoned the *Wisby Gazette*. They're sending a photographer."

"Always been one of my ambitions to get my picture in the papers," said Peter. "Kind thought of yours."

"Ah, well," said Ed, "I hope you make a good picture. It'd be too bad if you weren't looking yourself—if you got, well, untidy in any way. I think I'll go and find Madge: after all, we've got something we can laugh at together and it's the basis of married life to share one's pleasures, you know. You needn't bother to get up."

Peter could see Madge waiting in the porch, but she was wearing a strained and harassed expression.

Peter perforce sat on. After all, the only thing that the victim of any kind of practical joke can do to save face is to laugh louder than anybody else, and this Peter meant to do, even if it hurt. He imagined the *Gazette* readers had a sense of humour. He sat dozing in the sunshine.

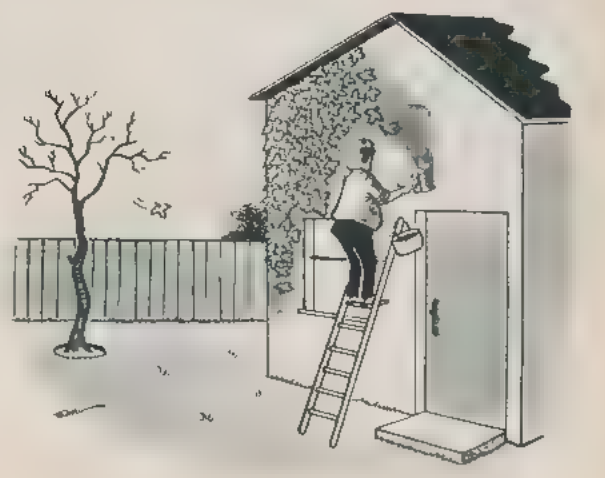
And then suddenly, he saw red.

It was a glutinous sort of redness, a wet sort, and it trickled down into his eyes. When he had wiped it off, he saw a freckle-faced boy and a younger girl in pigtails standing about ten feet away from him. At their feet was a kiddie-cart piled high with tomatoes. Very ripe tomatoes.

"You horrible children!" said Peter. "What did you do that for?"

"Yah!" replied the boy. "I hit you *splonk*, didn't I?"

"David!" the girl implored. It's



my turn. Let me hit him *splonk*, too."

'Half-way for ladies," Peter suggested. But she missed.

After that, they both began throwing at once. Tomato juice ran down Peter's neck and dripped off the tip of his nose, and he was finding it difficult to play the jokers' very jolly victim when Ginger Joe came up with another glass of beer identified the urchins as Ted Lewis's children, and lured them away with a promise of fizzy lemonade.

'I'm in a bit of a mess," said Peter. 'Isn't it time I was let out?"

'You leave it to Dan,' said Ginger Joe. "He's up to something but I'm darned if I know what it is." And he loped away with the children.

Old Mrs. Sawbridge came trotting out shortly afterwards with a clean towel, grumbling about the way children were brought up nowadays. Peter thanked her and they had a little chat. It was all very restful.

But the peace was violently shattered. A knot of men burst suddenly out of the inn. In the centre of the knot was Ed Stringer. Kick and struggle as he might he remained in the centre. Ginger Joe Moody held him on one side and Bill Sanders on the other; they dragged him out and clamped him in the vacant side of the stocks adjoining Peter. Madge fluttered round distractedly, begging Ed not to fight, imploring him to regard it as just boisterous fun. He was so spent with rage and vain resistance, when they finally had him strapped down, that he could only hurl his words.

"You'll pay for this, the lot of you! I'll have you jailed—Hogan, too."

"You didn't ought to bear malice," said Bill Sanders. "You had a fair trial same as the other bloke. Of course you made a mistake when you wouldn't treat the jury, but.

"What's he done?" asked Peter.

'Rather complicated point of criminal law, actually," answered Charley Appletons. "—assault upon a prisoner convicted by the court is a form of contempt, you know. And in any case it's against the Market Gardening Act to hire juveniles under the age of fifteen to throw tomatoes at people. Except on Sundays, of course."

"Well, I'm damned," said Peter. "So that was just your little joke, Ed, was it?"

'Don't you come near me!' shouted Stringer, wildly. 'Don't you — '

"I can't get any farther away because of this bit of wood," said Peter. "But don't worry. I can take a joke. Let's see if you can, too."

And he flung the quarter of a pint of ale left in his glass in Ed's face.

"You filthy beast!" shouted Ed.

"Well, I didn't have any tomatoes handy," Peter explained.

"I'll get even with you," muttered Ed, "—you see! By God, I'll make Hogan suffer for this, too. The man's mad. Raving mad. They're all mad."

'Mad as a hatter," agreed Peter cheerfully. "Particularly Hogan. Homicidal. I shouldn't wonder. In the family, you know, hereditary. Makes you feel sorry for Madge."

"You needn't waste your breath," said Ed bitterly. "That's finished. I'll show her what I think of her. I wouldn't marry Madge Hogan not if she was the last woman on earth. Standing by watching me getting carved up by that bunch of lunatics and bleating about it all being such jolly fun, and couldn't I be sociable and . . . good God, there's a copper!"

It was P.c. Slopey Robinson's bad luck that he happened to cycle through High Colmore that morning. He pedalled on, pretending not to hear or see.

'Police!" screamed Stringer. "Help! Help! Police!"

In the end, Slopey had to put his bicycle down on the grass and come over, reluctantly enough.

"Officer," said Ed excitedly, "I've been assaulted, forcibly detained, beaten up . . . get me out of here! I want to charge Daniel Hogan, a man they call Ginger, William Sanders. . . ."

Slopey scratched his head.

"Why hallo, Mr. Robinson," said Madge gaily, dancing up with a key in her hand. "We do get up to some pranks, don't we? You can come out now, boys. The joke's over."

"Joke!" shouted Eddie. "Constable, that madman Hogan——"

Constable Robinson looked worried. 'Oh come now, sir," he said. 'I reckon there wasn't any real harm meant. You wouldn't want old Dan to lose his licence now, would you?"

'Wouldn't I? You'll see. I'll make him sorry he tried to make a fool out of me! I'll —"

'Look, Slopey," said Ginger Joe, "I feel sort of sorry for this chap. I mean, if he stands up in court over this little lark and we give our evidence and Peter here does as well—yes, he's on our side right enough—well, he'll just be a laughing stock, he that couldn't take it. I can just see old Colonel Potter splitting his sides on the bench. I think we ought to give the poor lad something he can make a case out of. What say I just work him over so's he got something to show in evidence? Nothing much, just a couple of black eyes or something."

'Let me out of here!" Ed screamed.

So they did. Then Slopey produced his notebook. He said sternly, "I'd better take a statement if you mean to bring a charge."

"Oh, I'll call at the station," said Eddie. And he went. At once, and without leave-taking.

'Oh hell, I'm not too late, am I?" said the *Gazette* man, tumbling out of his car. 'Can I take a picture? I wish I'd got here before the other gentleman left."

"Yes, I rather wish you had, too," said Madge. "But will a lady do?"

She sat down beside Peter. Ginger Joe took the key from her hand and locked her in, the photographs had to look like the real thing, he explained. The pictures were taken and the journalist was escorted across to the Blackamoor's Head, to hear as much of the story of Colmore stocks as they chose to tell him. Ginger Joe appeared to have forgotten about the key.

"I'm sorry I bust up your romance," Peter said.

'You're not a bit sorry," Madge told him. "And I'm rather ashamed of myself, because I'm not sorry either." She looked at Peter. "You couldn't possibly understand. But, I was all of twenty-three, and I'd never once been engaged, and. . . ."

"Oh, just scalp-hunting," said Peter. That was pretty mean. All the same, if you'd like any more trophies, here I am. After all, you've heard me say I love you under oath in a court of law. Do I get slapped this time?"

"What's the use?" Madge said. "I can't get away, can I?"

Over Dan watched from his bar window the rather awkward embrace that followed. Slopey Robinson was telling him he'd have to be more careful or he'd get himself into trouble.

'I don't think so," said Dan. Young Stringer daren't take it any farther. It was worth the risk anyway. It seemed to me that if I could get those two boys to take my own patent course in character-testing, Madge might see what they were made of. And I reckon she has."

"She'll have plenty of time, anyway," said Ginger Joe Moody, "I've lost the blasted key."

He found it an hour and a half later by trailing a magnet through the long grass on a length of string. By that time Madge and Peter hadn't only settled the date and who was to be invited and where they'd spend the honeymoon, but also exactly what kind of bedroom suite they would have and precisely what colour paint they wanted in the kitchen. THE END

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HANDS—1

If the extended hand is refused, the mere closing of the fingers turns it into a fist.

Jacob M. Braude

Save space with this fitment

DESIGNED BY

ROGER SMITHELLS

The narrowest hall needs a table of some kind—a place for gloves, letters, parcels, a cheering bowl of flowers. My hall table takes up a minimum space. Being fixed to the wall, it leaves the floor clear for easy cleaning. The wallpaper panel turns it into a decorative unit with a useful mirror at which you can make a last-minute adjustment to your hat—or your expression.

TOOLS

You will need: a saw, drill with bits, hammer, screwdriver, plumb line, shaper or smoothing tool.

MATERIALS

For the top: a piece of wood, 3 ft. 6 in. by 9½ in. by ¾ in. For the two ends: a piece 9 in. by 6½ in. by ¾ in. For the front rail: a piece 3 ft. 3 in. by 2 in. by ¾ in. For the top shelf: a piece 1 ft. 6 in. by 3 in. by ¾ in. A mirror, 2 ft. by 1 ft. 6 in., drilled for wall fixing. Two 3-in. angle brackets. Two 2-in. angle brackets. A 6 ft. 6 in. length of patterned wallpaper. Eight ½-in. screws, size 8. Twelve 1-in. screws, size 8. Three 2½-in. screws, size 8. Four 1-in. mirror screws, size 8. Four 1½-in. nails. Wall plugs or plugging compound.

METHOD

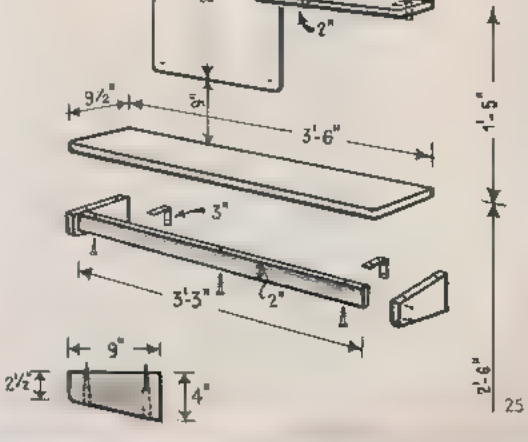
Cut all the pieces to the dimensions shown in the diagrams. Assemble the top, first screwing the front rail to the table top, positioned ¾ in. from the front, and then the sides. The screwholes in the sides are recessed, as illustrated in diagram 2, by drilling with a bit the size of the screw head, so that when inserted, the screws project ¾ in. Nail the two sides to the front rail. Fill visible screwholes with filler and sand smooth.

Draw a horizontal line on the wall 2 ft. 6 in. from the floor where the table is to be fixed and, using wallplugs or plugging compound, screw the 3-in. angle brackets level with it, 2 ft. apart. Put the table top in position and screw to the brackets from underneath.

Paper the wall immediately above the table with two pieces of wallpaper 3 ft. 3 in. long. The width of the two pieces when trimmed will be the same as the table top.

Fix the shelf in the same way as the top by screwing the two 2-in. angle brackets to the wall 1 ft. apart and 1 ft. 3 in. above the level of the table. Position the shelf with a plumb line, so that the end is vertically above the edge of the table top.

Screw the mirror in position, with the bottom edge 9 in. from the table top and the right side touching the shelf. Cover table top and shelf with Formica, and paint the wood surfaces to match your colour scheme.



By day Turner (left) handles ships' cargoes. Mates tease him and ask if they may photograph his "beautiful" face

In the evening Turner goes

A docker muscles in on

It was the joke of Dockland West End. But the last laugh

JOHN TURNER is a twenty-five year old stevedore, brown haired, blue-eyed, lean and tough. He has worked in the docks for six years. After a morning of manhandling cargoes he has a habit of adjourning to a local "beershop" for a drink and a game of cards.

One day a few weeks ago he was astonished when two men came up to him as he played cards at the bar and said, "You're just the type we're looking for. We want an ordinary sort of chap to model shirts. Mind if we take your picture?"

"I thought there was a catch in it, like," says Turner. "They asked my friends first if I would have my picture taken. Seems as if they might have been frightened to ask me, like."

There was no catch. David Miller, head of a north country shirt manufacturing firm, had complained that all the professional models looked alike. In future he wanted his shirts modelled by ordinary men who looked as if they owned them.

'Go and find me a manly brute," Miller told his London agents. 'Try the docks." After a two-week search they found John Turner, in the bar of the Prince of Wales tavern.

When Turner understood what was wanted he agreed hesitantly. His astonishment increased when the photographer produced a new shirt and asked him to put it on for some immediate trial shots. Accompanied by a ribald chorus of encouragement from his mates, Turner went and changed.

The photographer told him he could keep the two shirts he had

Out of his overalls, into his suit. Turner's wife Katherine helps him to change from one set of working clothes to another

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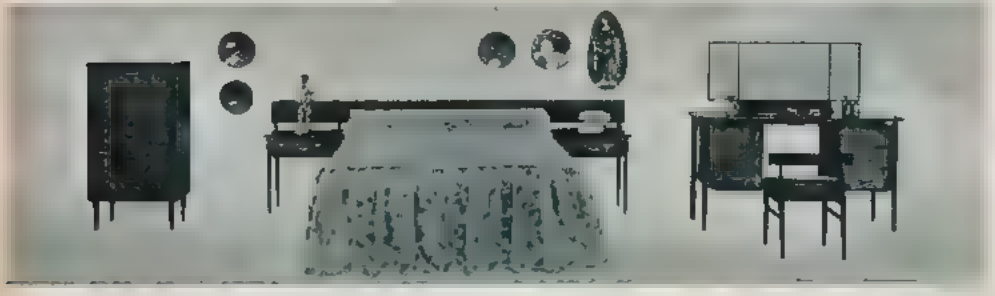

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(JULY/57)

Cora's voice held a new hope. "David, I trust your father," she said. "Whatever he is doing will be good for us . . ."

WHEN the Fleet Street gutter-press tycoon Vernon Somerville tried to buy the *Northern Light*, north country owner-editor Henry Page flatly refused to sell. Whereupon Somerville bought up a local rival, the *Daily Chronicle*, and began to fight Page ruthlessly for readers.

Two unscrupulous Fleet Street men, Harold Smith and Leonard Nye, were in charge of the *Chronicle*. They fought Page with every weapon they could devise—but they could not put him out of business.

They were desperate when they came up with their dirtiest trick so far. Nye discovered that, before her marriage to Page's neurotic son David, Cora Page had been jailed for abortion. . . . Nye and Smith faced Page with this, telling him that unless he agreed to a merger of his paper with the *Chronicle* and surrendered editorial control, he would have to face the publicity the Somerville press would give to Cora's jail record.

It was a savage blow. A scandal in the family would badly damage the prestige of the *Light*. And, if Cora's past came out, it would destroy David, who knew nothing of his wife's secret.

Above all, Henry was concerned for Cora herself. He was devoted to her. She meant more to him than either his shallow wife Alice or his spoiled daughter Dorothy.

At last he made up his mind what he must do. He snatched his coat and hat and hurried to the station to catch the next train to London.

FINAL INSTALMENT

ON the following morning, after a troubled night, David came to the realization that he could no longer endure the silence, constraint and heart-breaking pretence between Cora and himself. He must find some way out. When he left the house at nine o'clock, ostensibly for his usual walk, he got on to the Hedleston bus which departed from Sleedon at half past nine. Only two other passengers were inside, and as both had places at the front, he seated himself well to the rear, so that, free of the persecution of their stares, he might more clearly define his course of action.

First he must see his father.

The slow, jolting journey seemed interminable, but at last the blurred shape of Hedleston became visible through the steamy windows.

Rain pricked David's forehead as he got out and started walking towards the *Northern Light* offices. He felt like an interloper as he climbed the stone staircase and knocked at Page's door.

When he went in, the room was empty, then Moffat appeared, viewing him with a surprise which could only be due to the rarity of his visits.

'How are you, Miss Moffat? I came to see my father.'

But he's gone to London."

'To London.'

That's right. Why, I don't know. He went unexpectedly last night. He can't be away long. There's your mother's reception tomorrow.

DAVID must have given some indication of being upset by this unforeseen check, for she continued to study him, and with deeper penetration and concern.

'Where's your coat? You're the most awful chap. Don't you know it's pouring cats and dogs? You're half soaked. And your hair . . . here, let me straighten you up.'

'No . . . no.' He roused himself. 'You must excuse me.'

He would not, could not stay. He turned and went down the stairs with a rush that carried him across the street, just in front of a passing car. Unearing, he went on, convinced that his father's sudden and unpremeditated absence was linked with this hateful enigma that he could not solve.

With an effort he took himself in hand. Only one course lay open to him, and while he knew what exactions this would make upon his nerves, he did not

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

The Northern Light

by

A.J. CRONIN

After two years of fighting, Page must surrender with the battle won—or destroy the people he loves

care sooner or later it was inevitable that he take it

The Prudential offices were quite near He dived into the building and, ignoring the lift, climbed breathlessly to the third floor The name in gilt letters, was on the ground-glass door [illegible] Without knocking, he went in

The general air of inactivity and emptiness took him by surprise. A lad of about seventeen was idly typing at a low table by the telephone switchboard. In a voice which he hardly recognized as his own, David told him he wished to see Nye The youth sat back in his chair

"He's not here He's gone to Tynecastle '

When will he be back?'

How should I know?" The boy spoke with an injured air. "There's not much doing here now. It's quite likely he'll be away all day '

"All day," David repeated tonelessly, then, after a pause, he turned and went out

In the street again he hesitated hands still clenched, body tense with the bitterness of frustration. Nothing had been discovered or achieved A culminating sense of his own ineffectuality overwhelmed him

At last he moved off towards Victoria Square. "Nothing to be done after all, nothing but an inept return to Sleedon Reluctantly he caught a bus and was soon hurrying up to his own front door

The house seemed empty as he entered but in the kitchen the kettle steamed on the stove and through the window he saw Cora in the garden, walking on the gravel path. He longed to go to her. But no, he must compose himself She must know nothing of the disorder of his thoughts, nothing of his futile errand. nothing that would augment her own distress. He went upstairs to his bedroom

Limply, his forehead cold and dank, he sat down on the edge of the bed After some time he got up and, standing at the mirror on the dressing-table, began in a normal manner to brush his hair Then, reflected in the glass, he saw that Cora was beside him

'I didn't know you were in," she said ' You had a long walk

He came close to her, took her hand 'I wasn't walking really," he said ' I went to Hedleston to see Father

"And did you?" He felt her body tighten, then, as he shook his head, suddenly relax

He's gone to London Quite unexpectedly

'To London," She said this slowly then her expression lifted, warmed with a hopefulness he had not seen for days Oh, David, I'm so pleased I trust your father. Don't you ask me anything, not now, David . . . but I feel that whatever he is doing will be good for us."

EARLIER that morning—to be exact, at quarter past six—Henry Page arrived at Paddington. After a considerable wait in the cold semi-darkness of the station, he managed to secure a cab. He was not often in London, and on these infrequent visits he put up at a quiet hotel near the British Museum Here the night porter recognized him and, although he had no luggage, he was given a room without question

"Can I have breakfast?" he asked the man

'I'm sorry, Mr Page. There's no one in the kitchen until seven Shall I leave your order before I go off duty?'

'No, I'll ring," Henry said thinking that he would first try to get some rest. During the journey, huddled in the corner of his compartment, he had slept little, and now, as the grey dawn filtered into the narrow, inhospitable room, he lay down on the bed fully dressed and closed his eyes

At eight o'clock he rang for strong black coffee

It was still too early to give effect to his purpose—Somerville would assuredly not be at his office until ten but Henry could not bear to delay He took a bus to the Strand, then walked down Whitehall to Hercules House. So different from his own establishment, the *Gazette* offices dominating the Embankment, presented to the ancient river a glittering façade of glass and steel-ribbed cement

On of a group of uniformed commissionaires took Henry's name then, after some delay, directed him to the express lift On the topmost floor, at the end of a long corridor, he was received, or rather intercepted, by Somerville's private secretary, a young man in a cutaway and striped trousers who considering Henry with an air of polite misgiving, remarked '

"Actually, Mr Page, the man you ought to see is Mr Greeley—or his deputy, Mr. Challoner

No," Henry said firmly. "My business is with Mr Somerville personally

"Yes, of course," the other agreed thoughtfully I'm afraid, however, that he is engaged most of the morning. Still . . . if you care to. . . .'

'I'll wait," Henry said

He was shown into a small red-carpeted anteroom Here, for more than an hour he sat while a sick torpor began to settle upon him When at last the young man summoned him to the inner office, he forgot to swallow the two pills he had promised himself immediately before the interview

Somerville, wearing carelessly a loose dark grey flannel suit with a red tie and a dark carnation in his buttonhole, was seated at his desk signing letters as Page entered. He continued for a full minute without looking up, then he swivelled his chair, half rose, and held out his hand

HENRY, accepting the chair beside the Chippendale desk, found nothing to reassure him in this reception Somerville seemed waiting for him to begin, then, as though sensing the difficulty of Page's position, he said, driving straight to the point ' "You should have let me know you were coming We might have lunched together As it is, may I congratulate you on the excellent fight you've given us. I thought at one time you were going to knock us out. But now I understand that we see eye to eye in the matter

No, not quite." Henry was painfully ill at ease He could actually feel his legs trembling as he sat there, but the very act of speech helped to restore his courage. "It's almost two years now since you bought the *Chronicle*. I admit that my attitude then was resentful and prejudiced. You had every right to come to Hedleston and to set up your paper in competition with mine Since there wasn't room for two of us, it was for the people of the town to choose between us. Well, they've chosen . . . and I'm asking you to let that choice stand "

Somerville did not immediately reply Then he said ' "Public favour is a variable quantity It may change overnight. We are still selling the *Chronicle*. We will continue to do so. '

"No." Henry shook his head "Let's be open with one another. You've tried to put me out of business and you've failed. Now, for God's sake, leave the *Northern Light* alone."

SOMERVILLE made an impatient gesture "I don't follow you,' he said curtly "After all the work and sweat we've put in, are you asking us to walk out with our tails between our legs?'

"I am asking you to suppress a certain item of news. '

"Suppress news! My dear sir, you amaze me. Our moral obligation to the public, is never to suppress the news."

"This is not an important item. It merely concerns my family

"My dear sir, I have no knowledge of the matter I scarcely know what you are talking about. Still, in Hedleston, surely anything that concerns you is important. I imagine my editor up there would take that view '

Henry felt his lips dry and tighten "This is a pitiful story raked up from the past which can only hurt a number of innocent persons."

Somerville made a restive movement, glanced impatiently at his watch as though to terminate the interview

"My dear sir," he said, "why do you come bleating to me? The affair is out of my hands. I've given my

The Northern Light

continued from previous page

people in Hedleston complete authority and most abide by their decisions. This is obviously a purely local thing within the competence of the local staff. You can't expect me to know about it, or to concern myself with it."

His manner ruthlessly set aside the matter. Page saw that, while he was without scruple, he would never personally descend to the sordid. It would all be done for him. A dark nervous anger began to kindle in him, a determination not to be disposed of easily.

'Why do you want the *Light*?"

I need more circulation."

"You already have a large circulation. The *Gazette* sells at least a million and a quarter."

In these days of competition if you don't go forward you go back."

Page, beyond caution and resolved at whatever cost to speak his mind, took a sharp, painful breath. "In a recent issue of *Survey* there was an article on the press. Did you see it?"

"I seldom read *Survey*."

'This was a thorough and impartial report. The conclusion reached was that our intelligent and high-principled newspapers are being swamped by the lowest segment of our popular press . . . papers run, not as a public service, but purely as a financial investment and which have become the trashiest, most vulgar in the world. The *Gazette* was singled out as the worst.'

VERNON SOMERVILLE was quite unperturbed. "We have our detractors. But we only try to please the masses . . . to envelop them in . . . shall I say . . . a soothing *ambience*.'

"By feeding them the garbage of the news?"

'We give them what they want."

"No." Page shook his head with nervous violence. "Humanity is not always as stupid as it seems. You can't write our people off like that. I won't repeat the obvious. It's not just sex, crime and sensation, nor yet the stupid trivialities that fill your paper that make it so pernicious, it's the manner in which the grossest prejudices and appetites are artfully stimulated, while contempt is heaped cynically on all who oppose you.

"Nobody knows better than you what an immensely powerful instrument you have in your hands. Why don't you use it to create? God knows, there never was a time when the country had more need of an intelligent, high-principled press. . . ."

A wave of physical weakness came over Page as he broke off, aware that he had made not the slightest impression on Somerville.

My dear fellow," Somerville said soothingly, "I understand your feelings. But let us keep to the point. We are making you a reasonable offer. Perhaps," he went on, "if you decide to sell—and I'm sure you will—you might care to continue on the staff. Your editorials . . . they have an impressive Edwardian quality."

"No." Page said heavily. "I couldn't. It must be all or nothing."

'Is it to be all, then?"

Henry could not look at him.

I'll think it over . . . for a few hours. I'll telephone you this afternoon."

Somehow Page got out of the room.

A fine drizzling rain was falling as he left the building and turned slowly up from the river towards Victoria Street. Through his despondency an increasing faintness warned him that he ought quickly to find some refreshment -since noon the day before he had eaten practically nothing. Across the way he saw a café, but as he made to cross the street, his heart began beating with incredible rapidity.

He hesitated, quite breathless, realizing that he could not trust himself to make the passage. Dizzily, he continued on his own side, looking for another lunch room. At the corner of Ashley Gardens, just by Westminster Cathedral, the pain began. In recent months he had experienced certain symptoms of cardiac spasm, but this pain was different, covering the entire area of his chest.

Breathing, movement even, was impossible, and with this came a deathly sickness that drew beads of cold perspiration from his brow. The anguish was inhuman, and through it all ran the silly, childish dread that if he did not find some refuge he would make a fool of himself and fall down in the public street. With a great effort he managed to drag himself across the pavement into the adjoining cathedral, where, collapsed upon a row of seats, he lay struggling to regain breath.

At last the agonizing grip began to slacken. The thing had passed, leaving him spent and bruised.

The cathedral was empty except for a black-clad, solitary woman, perhaps a nun, immobile before the altar. Something in her attitude of entreaty, seen dimly in the dank, raw brick interior brought Cora to his mind, in a quick flood of feeling. Quite distinctly, as though close to him, he saw the image of her face, her dark eyes filled with confiding sadness.

Well . . . she need no longer be sad and troubled, she would be safe now. would again know happiness and security. At least, out of his defeat he could draw that one deep consolation.

At last he felt himself sufficiently recovered to get up. A taxi took him to the hotel, where he had a tray sent to his room. After he had rested for half an hour he telephoned Somerville, who was out, but Henry gave the message to his secretary, that he was returning to Hedleston that night and would sign the documents in the morning.

In Hedleston that same Wednesday afternoon, just at the hour when Henry was returning to his hotel, Leonard Nye stepped off the train from Tynecastle, where, with considerable pleasure and apparent profit, he had spent most of the day. In the morning, unaware of Page's departure for London, he had said to Smith with complete assurance:

"Look, Harold . . . it's a certainty that Page'll phone you sometime this morning. When he does, go round, soap him up, and get his signature."

"And what about you?"

"Use your head, man. You know I only put his back up. You're the one he'll want to deal with. Besides, I have to go to Tynecastle."

What for?"

"I have a couple of calls to make. Besides, I need a haircut."

Despite this cool show of imperturbability, an attitude upon which Nye particularly prided himself, he had been on edge most of the day, and now as he walked towards the office in the Prudential Building he experienced a tightening of his nerves.

The lift took him to the third floor. He hurried into his office.

"Any messages?" he asked Peter.

"Mr. Smith's been on the line several times from Mossburn."

"Get him."

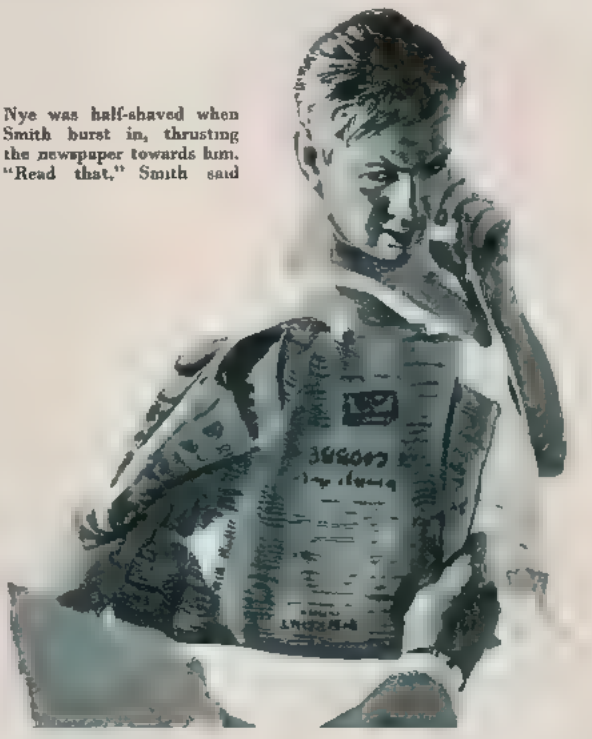
Peter went to the phone and plugged in to the private line. For a moment there was no answer. Nye crushed out his half-smoked cigarette, lit another, and took a few quick draws. Peter said: 'There was a caller, too, Mr. Nye. I think it was young Mr. Page. Looked very queer indeed."

Doesn't he always? Let me know if he shows up again. I'll deal with him.'

'Very good. Hallo. Hallo. . . . You're through, sir.'

Nye took the receiver.

'Smith . . . Nye here . . . Any word?"



Nye was half-shaved when Smith burst in, thrusting the newspaper towards him. "Read that," Smith said

SMITH'S voice came back charged with suppressed feeling. I should think there is. Page left for London last night. He's been in with Somerville this morning. What's happening I don't know. Somerville's got a meeting in the City. I've been on and off to head office all afternoon.

Nye said sharply: Haven't you anything definite?'

'Challoner's the only one who seems to know anything. It seems that Page has promised to let them know today. Challoner thinks it should be all right, but he can't be sure. In the last hour I've done nothing but hang on the wire, waiting for the decision."

Why don't you come here? Nye said. We'll stick it out together."

From the way Smith jumped at the idea Nye guessed the state he was in.

"I'll tell them to switch the call to you, Leonard. Don't move from the phone. See you in twenty minutes."

Nye turned to Peter. "You can go now. I shan't need you."

He waited until the lad had gone, then went into his room and sat on the edge of his desk, harassed by uneasy thoughts. It took Smith half an hour to get over—he had been obliged to wait for a taxi—and when he came in, Nye saw that his impression had been correct. Smith was in the jitters and, from his patchy flush and fruity breath, had needed a little help to keep himself going.

"Nothing yet?" He read Nye's expression and sank into a chair with his leather briefcase on his knee. 'I can't stand this much longer."

"TAKE it easy," Leonard said. But he wasn't feeling too easy himself. His nerves were as tight as they could go.

They were both listening for the phone call. Nye lit another cigarette. He'd been chain-smoking all afternoon. Smith broke the silence.

'Did you get much done in Tynecastle?'

I damn well did. I went round to all the advertisers, sowing the good seed, saw Spencer at the Northern Mills, called in at the *Echo* and had a long talk with Harrison. He's a sub-editor there, and I used to know him on the *Enquirer*. Everything was working out at last. I told them all, we were hoping for an amicable settlement with Page. I admitted he'd had rather the better of us, but now, because of his health, he wanted out. I told you I sweated to put it across—it's important. We don't want any suspicion of bad blood: it would hurt us when we take over . . . or should I now say if we take over?"

The phone rang. Simultaneously they started up. Nye got there first.

'Hallo, hallo . . . yes. Nye here. Put him through.'

The message from Challoner was brief and to the point. Nye didn't look at Smith until he had laid down the receiver. Then, turning with a blankly expressionless face, he gave him a full minute in which to suffer before he said: "Page is coming up on the night express. He'll sign tomorrow."

Thank God." Smith sank into a chair.

Leonard smiled and put his hand on the other's shoulder. 'You need a drink,' he said. 'Come on down and I'll buy you one.'

The knocking on his door finally roused Smith. He heard the boots voice.

It's seven-thirty, Mr. Smith. You wanted to be called, sir."

Smith opened his eyes with difficulty, then hurriedly closed them. The light, filtering beneath the blind, hurt him. His lips were sticky and there was a pounding in his head. But he managed to say: 'All right.'

When the man had gone, Smith lay for a while with his arm across his face, overcome with remorse for having allowed Nye to persuade him into the celebration on the previous evening.

It took him longer than usual to dress, but he was ready by half past eight. On the way to breakfast he looked in on Nye. As he'd expected, Leonard was still asleep. Although Smith shook him several times, he couldn't rouse him. He left him and went downstairs to the coffee room where breakfast was served.

When the waiter brought his kipper he placed the morning papers on the table as usual. Smith always ran through them before he went to the office. But at the moment he was too busy planning the day that lay ahead of him to bother with the news. Page having taken the night train home, would be tired: might possibly have gone to bed for a few hours, so he would not disturb him too early.

If he made their appointment for seven o'clock it ought to suit him reasonably well. He had all the documents prepared and ready.

He finished breakfast and was about to leave when George, the waiter, wandered back to the table.

Everything all right, sir?"

Fine,' Smith said. George was a

good sort, agreeable and attentive, but Smith was in no mood for conversation.

"Can I get you another kipper?"

"No, thanks." He was on the point of rising when George gave him a sidelong glance.

"I suppose you've seen the *Globe*, sir."

The *Globe* which was Mighill's paper. Smith did not normally go through very particularly, but it came in with the other three dailies and now, as he looked down, he saw that it lay on the top of the pile, folded small, no doubt by George, so as to expose a two-column story on the middle of the back page. He picked it up, then stunned, as though hit by a hammer, he almost dropped it. There, before his shocked and unbelieving eyes, was the heading: CORA MAKES GOOD. The opening lines danced up and down in a jumbled maze as he tried to take them in.

Cora Page, who, as Cora Bates, in 1938 was convicted of an unnatural and criminal offence, was unexpectedly run to earth by our Northern reporter—the same who saw her sentenced to six months.

Smith's stomach turned over as he skimmed sickeningly through the double column. It was all there. Written apparently as a story of regeneration, more or less the way Nye had intended, nothing had been hidden. every painful fact was revealed in a manner as damaging as if Leonard had composed the thing himself.

Smith rose from the table. Ignoring George, who was saying something he scarcely heard, he made instinctively for Nye's room. Leonard was up, standing half-dressed before the mirror, shaving with his electric razor.

'Read that," he said, "quick."

NYE threw him a nasty look, charged with a morning-after surliness but Smith's tone made him switch off the current. He took the *Globe* and sat down on the edge of his bed. Smith couldn't contain himself.

"It must be Haines," he said. "He's used the story himself."

"Shut up." Nye pressed his knuckles against his forehead. "Give me a minute to think."

'Why should Haines . . . ?"

"Can't you see it you infernal fool? It's not really Haines. He was just smart enough to leak the story to the head office. This is Mighill himself. He knows how much Vernon needs this pitch. He's got on to our scheme and gone out of his way to wreck it." He put his hp hard. "Why didn't I think of this? What time is it?"

"Just after nine."

"We've got to work fast." Galvanized to action, he began pulling on his clothes, talking in quick, jerky sentences. "If Page sees this before he signs we're done. But there's a good chance he hasn't. The night train got in at five-thirty this morning before the papers. Now listen to me. Get the contract and take a taxi to his house. It's my guess he'll be there. Lay on a line of soft soap. You wanted to make it easy for him, all very private and so forth. Get him to sign. Do you hear me? We've bloody well got to get his signature. I'll check at the *Light* Building. If he's not at his house, call me at the office."

Smith hurried to his room, picked up his briefcase, plunged downstairs and hailed a taxi.

As the cab edged through the traffic of the Cornmarket he noticed on the corner news-stand a row of the yellow *Globe* posters. He thought *They've flooded the town with this edition.* He must get to Page at once.

But at Page's house a further shock awaited him. Mrs. Page, innocent, vague, declared he had not yet arrived. Perhaps he had gone straight from the early morning train to Sleedon.

This possibility sent Smith's hopes up again, with a sudden lift of relief. Sleedon . . . ! That was it. Since Page's main concern would be to reassure Cora with the least possible delay, it was more than likely that he would go direct to Sleedon.

HURRIEDLY, Smith excused himself and retreated to the taxi. As he set off for Sleedon he told himself that in this turn of events luck was with him again—there seemed little likelihood that the news would have reached such a small, isolated community on the coast. He pressed the driver on to greater speed.

Suddenly, when he was no more than two miles from his destination, the car took an extra swerve and, with a jarring of brakes, bumped to a stop. Even before the driver climbed out of his seat, Smith knew that a tyre had gone. With almost insupportable impatience he waited while the man changed the wheel.

To make matters worse, the air had turned sultry and a thick bank of cloud, dark and threatening, had rolled up from the north.

If Smith had looked at his watch once he'd done so a dozen times. Now it showed half past ten as he entered the village, which, as though half asleep, wore a reassuring air of calm. He had some idea of the location of young Page's house on the cliff walk, and it did not take long to find it.

He pulled the bell, with anxious moderation, and waited. There was no answer. He pulled again, more loudly.

He tried the front door, turning the handle hard, both ways, but without result. What on earth was the matter? Surely somebody must be home. Then it occurred to him that Page might be sleeping upstairs—it seemed altogether feasible.

The taxi driver at the gate was now viewing Smith with sharp suspicion, but he ignored him and took the narrow grave, path that ran round the side of the cottage. As he expected, it led him to the back door. This he found to be ajar. Quietly, he pushed it open, entered the scullery, went through to the kitchen. And there, seated at the table, was Cora.

Even when he came close to her, she did not move, she seemed to be oblivious, or at least quite heedless, of his presence. Her eyes remained averted, as though held by some far-off, paralysing vision.

She seemed aged by ten years, sunk into herself, stripped bare of all joy, of all the life that had been in her. But he had no time to pity her. He had to get hold of Page and he told her so.

Then, slowly, she turned. Her face was of a marble pallor, almost expressionless, as though fixed by an anguish so deep it numbed all sensation.

He's not here," she said.

'But . . . I was told . . .

He's not here,' she repeated, in that same frozen tone. "He changed his mind late last night. He wired us that he'd travel up today."

But, we were advised . . .

' The telegram's there . . . by the mantelpiece.'

Smith read the telegram. It was to Cora, reassuring her, stating that he had decided to sleep in the hotel, and return the following afternoon.

"Oh, no . . ." Smith cried out.

"What does it matter anyway?" she

All at once, looking beyond her, he

MURMURATION

Starlings rustle the sky with the
wind of their flying,
Taffetas grey as a cloud.
Over the woods and the plough
where the year is dying,
Life and its joy, they crowd.

Over the sweep of the landscape,
twilight falling,
Still, silent and wan,
They churn the air to the voice
of the future calling,
Turn to smoke and are gone.

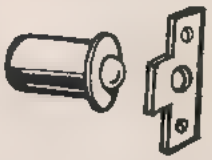
J. PHOENICE

KEEP THIS

Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right tools and materials for jobs around the house.

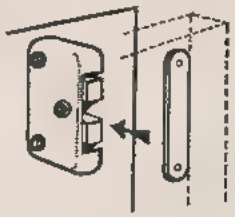
Handyman Guide 7

CATCHES AND LATCHES

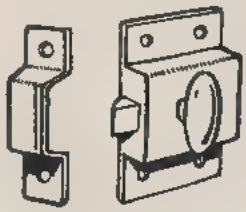


BALL CATCH. Recessed into the edge of the door, this catch is not visible when closed. Suitable for light doors, such as small kitchen and bathroom cupboards, cocktail cabinets, etc. Many sizes available.

SPRING CLIP. Slightly stronger than the ball catch. Both parts are fixed internally, and are invisible when the door is closed. Most suitable for use on kitchen cabinet doors or flaps, and removable panels.

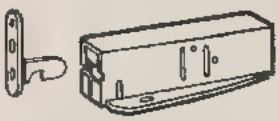


MAGNETIC CATCH. This catch is quite automatic, and there is no wear on either part. Can be effectively used for very light cupboard doors, or flaps such as those on dressing tables, and writing desks.



SURFACE FIXING LATCH. Suitable for flush fitting doors. Both halves are fixed externally, and need no recessing. Useful for cupboard doors in workshops, etc., where appearance is not of prime importance.

PUSH CATCH. Operated by thumb pressure, it is neat and silent in operation. It is suitable for large, but light doors such as cupboards and wardrobes, and is adjustable for thicknesses between ½ and 1¼ ins.

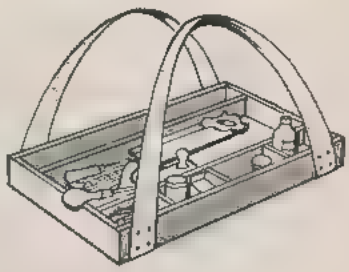


TUTCH LATCH. This is the catch that banishes handles. Press the door and it closes. Press it again and it opens. You can operate it with your hands full. Ideal for the linen cupboard or wardrobe door.

It's an Idea

A HANDYMAN'S HOLDALL

JOHN BULL reader Mr B. Dunn of Leeds writes "My workshop is at the bottom of the garden. Doing jobs in the house I used to wear myself out running back for tools and oddments. Now I have made this holdall which takes everything I need for a job and saves unnecessary journeys."



Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, "John Bull and Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published.

The Northern Light

continued from previous page

saw, on the table an open copy of the *Globe*. Her dead eyes followed him.

'Yes, that's it. You're satisfied, I hope. Now you've done for all of us.'

Instinctively Smith started to protest. He wanted to clear himself, to say it hadn't been his doing, then he broke off. He was as much as anybody, and more. Besides, she was right. They were all done for; words and actions alike were useless.

And at the sight of her, seated there crushed, turned to stone, the drugs of last night churned up in his stomach; he felt deathly sick. In a sudden turn-around of feeling he saw, for the first time, the fearful thing that had been done. All the harm and hurt ever inflicted by a ruthless press seemed concentrated in this broken creature.

'How did you get the paper?' he asked her.

'David . . . my husband.'

'But where?'

His words seemed to reach her from a long way off and her answer, delayed, travelled back an equal distance.

"Every morning he takes a walk on the pier. At the news-stand . . . he saw the poster . . . they'd plastered them all over . . . he brought the paper home . . ." A dry shudder passed over her, shaking her rigid body. "It's the very thing I tried to stop. I knew what it would do to him. I never saw him look the way he did. And to leave me without a word."

'Where did he go?' Smith asked.

'I don't know . . . I can't tell. I tried to stop him, but it wasn't no use. I can't do no more. I'm done for . . .'

What could he say to her? At last he said in feeble consolation: 'It won't be as bad as you think. He'll come back to you.'

"No." She raised her eyes slowly to his, and her voice chilled him. 'Not to me. He won't.'

Back towards the cab he went slowly—there was no need for hurry now. In the distance the storm had broken and thunder had begun among the Eldon hills. A single splash of rain fell upon his hand, heavy and hot as blood.

Smith had now abandoned all idea of finding Page. He was not here, he was in the train, perhaps still in London. In either case, he must have learned the worst. He would never surrender the *Light* now. Nothing remained for Nye and himself but to give up and get out.

The need of support threw him back on Nye. Leonard had said that he would be at the office and Smith asked the driver to take him there. A deluge of rain was now falling.

The streets were almost empty except for a few people hurrying for shelter. But suddenly, as they swung out of Victoria Street into the Cornmarket, they ran into a thick traffic jam. Smith pushed some notes into the driver's hand and got out.

Then as he turned the corner and hurried up Park Street, he became aware of a big crowd of people on the pavement. In spite of the rain, there they were, standing tightly packed, craning their necks, swaying this way and that as they pressed towards the doorway of a building. Smith's heart missed a beat as he saw that it was the entrance of the Prudential offices.

There's been trouble, he thought, *they've smashed up our office*. He was afraid, but he had to find out. He ran forward. At that instant he heard the wail of a siren and made out the white blur of an ambulance.

A sick terror took hold of Smith as he elbowed his way through the crowd. When he got to the entrance the policeman recognized him and allowed him to go in.

He made himself press the lift button. Nothing happened. It was not working, the indicator showed that it was stationary on the third floor. Suddenly he heard somebody running down the stairs. He turned. It was Peter, the telephone boy. He saw Smith, and flung himself against him, gripping hold of his arm.

'I want to go home. It's terrible, terrible . . . and I saw it.'

'What?' Smith shook him hard. 'For God's sake . . . what?'

Peter's voice rose shrilly.

'Young Mr. Page . . . he shot at Mr. Nye. Mr. Nye fell down, then he shot himself.' He choked for breath. 'The doctor says he's dead.'

'Who?' Smith faltered.

"David . . . young Mr. Page."

Smith leaned against the wall, drained of everything but a hollow nausea. Behind him he heard the whine of the descending lift. A moment later, Nye stepped out, accompanied by the office doctor. Nye looked shaken and under his coat, which was draped over his shoulders, a wad of bandage bound up his left arm.

'Crazy young bastard,' he said to Smith, in passing.

In a daze Smith saw the two get into the front compartment of the ambulance. Summoning all his forces he was about to move when from the back of the lift two attendants edged their way out, carrying between them a sheeted stretcher. Smith tried to

HANDS 3

Your hand is never the worse for doing your own work.
Proverb

close his eyes. He could not. He watched it go past. They slid it into the body of the ambulance. Through the open doorway, against the background of the silent, gaping crowd, Smith saw, bent on one knee in a professional attitude, a man with a camera, taking pictures.

At the inquest, four days later, the Town Hall had been stifling. Malcolm Maitland had never known it so crowded. His seat near the side exit had allowed him to get away early, and as he came up the stairs to his office he thought he would be the first back. But Moffat was before him.

"Well, it's over," he said. "Henry came through it not too badly."

'Better than I expected,' she admitted. "The coroner helped . . . for once he was half human. But, oh," she took off her hat and stabbed it with her hatpins—"these poor young people! What a waste, what a pitiful waste! If that poor crazed fellow had only done what he meant to, it all would've been so useless. When I saw Nye in the box, bold as brass, I could have done for him myself. But it was just like David to bungle it."

'Better that he did,' Maitland said slowly, "for Henry's sake. I'm sure that's the general opinion. The town is still with him. When all's said and done, the *Light* has come out of the mess better than we could have hoped.'

"Maybe," she said frowning. "But it took . . . well, what it took to do it. Believe me, if it hadn't happened this way our name would still be in the mud. I've no doubt Henry'll put it all down to the milk of human kindness.' Her tone sharpened. "What it really means is that one sensation has been knocked out by a bigger one." She turned, and with a jab, plugged in her electric kettle. 'I'm going to make a cup of tea. Will you have one?"

'I could do with it," Maitland said.

'Of course,' she went on, her mind still dwelling on the inquest, "Smith was the one who really turned me. When he said he ought to have stayed with Cora in the cottage and not left her alone, then broke down, it was abject. Even before that he'd begun to look meaty-eyed . . . when the woman in the store, Mrs. Dale, was telling how she saw Cora run down

"Passenger, sir?"

the pier, and called out to stop her and couldn't. To think of the likes of him blubbering over Cora—I could have hit him."

'Poor devil," Malcolm said. "He tried to blame himself for everything. I couldn't help feeling sorry for him."

'You needn't be," she said, with a tightening of the lips. "Henry's given him a job. He's our new advertising manager."

"Good Lord," Malcolm thought for a bit, then he said, "You may say what you like Page is the nearest thing to a good man I've ever met."

She shook her head and began to infuse the tea.

He's soft-hearted, that's all."

"You're much too hard on Henry. You always are." He took the cup she offered him. "Look what he's come through these last couple of years with his bad heart and all. Then this, on top of everything. You know how bound up he was in David."

"Yes," she agreed gloomily. "My dear David." Then, sipping her tea, she shot a dark glance at Maitland. But Cora's the one he'll really miss."

Before Malcolm could interpose, she went on. "He mayn't have known it, but he was in love with her. Oh, I don't blame him for it. In fact it's one of the few things about him I could admire. Cora was a real woman, warm and human. She needed to be loved and David didn't quite fill the bill. I admit she was fond of David, devoted to him, sorry for him . . . but it wasn't enough."

Neither of them spoke for several minutes. The silence was becoming awkward, when Maitland stood up.

"Well," he said, "I suppose we ought to be getting on. No slacking while the boss is away."

MAITLAND went to his own room, sat down, and began to think over his plans for the next three months when in Henry's absence much of the responsibility must fall on him. Presently Fenwick appeared.

'Here's an item that just came in on the A.P."

"Yes?" Maitland inquired.

"They seem to have changed their minds about the atomic site on Utley."

'What! You mean . . . they're not coming here after all?"

"Apparently not. They're considering the Highlands now."

'Thank goodness!" Maitland exclaimed. "It means we'll be left alone . . . down here." Under his breath he added, "At least for a bit longer."

When Fenwick had gone Maitland sat thinking on all that had happened simply because a government department had, in the first instance, been unable to make up its mind. But for the abortive Utley project they would never have known these two years of useless strife and tragedy.

With an effort he turned his mind towards the future and began to jot down the agenda for the staff meeting. He had worked steadily for about half an hour when Page came into the room.

Maitland immediately got up.

'Why, Henry," he exclaimed, as lightly as he could, "I thought you were supposed to go straight to bed."

I'm only here for a few minutes . . . the car's waiting outside," Page said, bracing himself against the edge of the desk. What was it, Malcolm asked himself, that enabled this little man to stand fast, despite his physical handicap, without the show and symbols of courage? A lifetime of faithfulness and honour, regard for his neighbour and respect for the pledged word—these insistent, inescapable exemplary values of upright behaviour were the things that held him together when another, stronger in body, would have crumbled.

PAGE, when he had recovered his breath, went on. "I shan't see you for quite a while, Malcolm. Apparently, when they let me up, I'm to have a long sea voyage. Alice has always wanted to visit Hawaii so we shall go there. . . . But first, I want you to know that I am taking you in with me on the *Northern Light*. I've asked Paton to draw up the deeds of partnership. I'll sign them before I leave."

Maitland remained perfectly still but his homely face lost its ruddiness momentarily, then was slowly flooded by a deeper colour. He said "There's precious little I can say, Henry only . . . thank you."

"That's settled, then," Page said, then continued seriously, "There's just one thing more on my mind. It may surprise you—but in these last four days, well, the sympathy and kindness shown me, not only completely unexpected, but unmerited . . . it has been just another example of the fundamental charity of our people here.

"I wondered if I could break my rule and do something personal, just this once. A message from myself to our readers . . . a reaffirmation of my personal faith . . . an appreciation of their loyalty and support, an assurance that in spite of all that's happened to us, the paper will go on." He paused, searching Maitland's face. "Do you think I might write something along these lines? Or would it be in bad taste?"

'Write it, Henry," Maitland said without hesitation. "It'll do you good. And everybody else."

Page's expression lightened. "I will, then," he said. 'Thank you, Malcolm."

When he had gone Maitland waited a few minutes, then moved off to go to the copy room. As he walked along the corridor past Henry's open door he saw him, already at his desk, bowed a little, his head supported by one hand, but writing, writing steadily, writing his personal message for tomorrow's *Northern Light*. THE END

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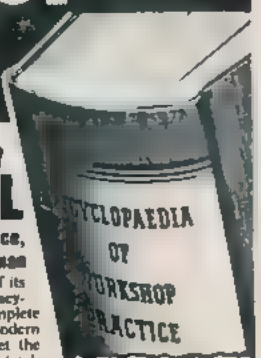

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J.29. 1/11/36

How Peter Manuel talked himself to death

continued from page 14

Sunday afternoon he hired a taxi from the Central Station. On a quiet moorland road he shot the driver in the back and slit his throat and robbed him.

Durham police arrested the wrong man for the murder of the taxi driver, though they released him a few days later. Back in the district he had terrified for so long Manuel laughed again at the folly of the police. But this time, though he did not know it, there was evidence against him. In the abandoned taxi police found a button, and one of the same pattern was missing from Manuel's clothes. In his trouser turn-ups there were minute pieces of glass from the taxi.

But police work takes time, and while the police machine ground slowly on, Peter Manuel planned to kill again.

Attack on girl

On December 28, a seventeen-year-old schoolgirl, Isabelle Cooke, left her home at Mount Vernon to go to a dance in Uddingston. She never arrived. On a lonely footpath which she took as a short cut, she met Peter Manuel. He forced her to go with him. When she became hysterical and started to scream he attacked her. He tore off her clothes and strangled her with her brassiere. Then he carried her into a ploughed field, dug a hole and buried her.

When her disappearance was reported the police suspected murder. On December 31 her torn party dress was found on the banks of the River Calder. Frogmen searched the river without success.

While police, now convinced that they had yet another killing on their hands, desperately tried to find the body of Isabelle Cooke, Manuel was busy being the life and soul of the Hogmanay party at his house. At the same time he was callously deciding who would be his next victim. By the time the party was over he had made up his mind . . .

The Smart murders were discovered on January 6, when Smart failed to return to work after the New Year holiday and the weekend.

Now Lanarkshire police called on the Glasgow C.I.D. to help. Detective Superintendent Alex Brown and Inspector Tom Goodall were seconded to help in the investigations.

Brown knew Manuel's record and believed that he was the mass killer. There were several things which indicated that all the killings were the work of one man. All the murdered women from Anne Knellands to Isabelle Cooke had been treated in the same way. In each case, although there was no positive evidence of sexual attack, their clothing had been removed and ripped up and the women had been left with their legs exposed. Isabelle Cooke had her head scarf tied round her face in the same way as the girl Manuel had raped ten years before.

The six people shot, though not shot with the same weapon, had all been shot in the same way, with the gun held almost in contact with the head.

Police keep watch

In both the Watt and the Smart houses, the killer had behaved in a way which police felt showed Manuel had always done since his break-ins in boyhood. He had ransacked the place without taking much, and he had got into bed with his boots on.

Brown put plain-clothes detectives to watch Manuel who continued to visit his old haunts like the Wood End Hotel, Holytown, where he was so fond of telling tales. They noticed that for an unemployed man drawing National Assistance benefit Manuel was spending a lot of money. Unobtrusively they collected the notes.

Brown also discovered that Manuel, with a wad of £1 notes, had played the rich uncle at his cousin's engagement party on New Year's Day. He also found evidence that Manuel had obtained a 9-mm. butt-loading Beretta automatic, the type of gun used to kill the Smarts, from a club in Glasgow.

He decided he was ready to strike. On January 14 Manuel was arrested and charged with the murder of the Smarts.

Even now, standing in the shadow of the gallows, Manuel could not resist the urge to talk. The day after his arrest he asked to speak to Detective-Inspector Robert McNeil. When McNeil asked what it was about, Manuel replied, "It is important and concerns unsolved crimes in Lanarkshire." McNeil cautioned him, but Manuel, already intoxicated by the idea of being the star of a sensational murder trial, brushed the caution aside. "I will clear everything up for you . . . I'll make a clean breast of it . . . I'll take you to where the girl Cooke is buried."

Later that night after taking detectives to a field and pointing out the burial place of Isabelle Cooke, Manuel wrote a detailed 1,500-word confession to the eight murders. Later he showed police where he had thrown the murder guns in the Clyde. Police divers found them near the spots he pointed out.

Visitors to Manuel in jail awaiting trial found him cocky and expansive. "I'm going to swing," he told his brother. "But I'm going to have a lot of fun first. I shall be a wee boy they will always remember." On another occasion he said, again to his brother: "All this time I've been nobody, but if this nobody's going to have a short life, it's going to have a merry and bloody big ending."

Manuel squeezed every ounce of sensation out of the trial. He pleaded not guilty to all the charges of murder and theft. He claimed alibis in the case of the murder of the Smart family. He alleged that the members of the Watt family were killed by William Watt himself. It was the first time for nearly a century that the Scottish procedure of impeachment—blaming someone else for a crime—had been invoked as a defence in a murder case.

When his counsel failed to get his confession ruled inadmissible as evidence, Manuel sacked them and continued his defence himself. He claimed that the police had extorted the confession from him. He said that Smart had bought a gun from him and must have killed his wife and child and then shot himself with it. He said that Watt had admitted to him in a café that he had shot his family, and had paid him £120 to go to the police with a story that would pin the crime on one of Manuel's friends.

Judge and jury listened patiently while Manuel had his fling. For six days Manuel was the centre of attention as he cross-examined witness after witness, and then gave evidence on his own behalf, but all to no avail. Nobody believed him.

On May 29 Manuel was sentenced to death. He was found guilty on seven charges, and not guilty in the case of Anne Knellands. On June 25 his appeal was dismissed. On July 11 he was hanged.

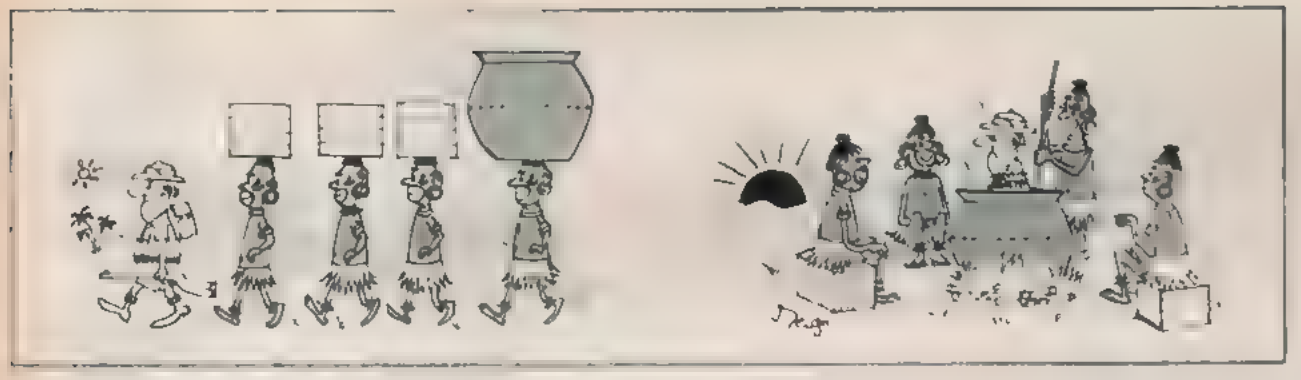
For three weeks he had maintained almost complete silence, apparently indifferent to everything. On the night before the execution he was visited by his brother and for a moment his old attitude asserted itself. "You'll be a big shot now," he said. "You are Peter Manuel's brother."

But in the morning the mood of silence was back, and the callous little man whose love of big talk eventually brought him to the gallows went to his death without a word. THE END

HANDS—4

Tools were made, but born were hands. Every farmer understands.

William Blake



The greatest raid of all

continued from page 21

sperrbrecher—a blockade-busting vessel—the three badly wounded officers held a painful conference, deciding that they had no other course than to withdraw.

Somewhere about 2.30 a.m., after a long, gallant and bloody fight, Fenton began limping painfully downstream on one engine, using hand-steering, and—successfully avoiding the fire of the big coast-defence guns—gained the open sea.

Lieutenant Mark Roder, commanding ML177, was a dark, aquiline, clean-shaven officer of middle height, quiet and unassuming, who spoke several languages and had a taste for classical music. His ship was another of the four torpedo MLs, armed with a Hotchkiss instead of Oerlikons. On board was a particularly stout-hearted detachment of fourteen assault commandos commanded by Troop Sergeant-Major G. E. Haines, a Kent farmer. His tasks were to assist Hooper to silence the suspected waterside guns and then to come into Newman's reserve.

The scene that confronted Roder's eyes as he followed close astern of Fenton was not one to be faced by the chicken-hearted. To port, to starboard and ahead motor launches were on fire and drifting out of control. For the spectacles in the starboard column were being duplicated to port. Already the agonized cries of men trapped in the pools of burning petrol, which were to be one of the memories of that night for British and Germans alike, were beginning to be heard.

Wreckage, corpses, flames and drifting palls of smoke were starkly clear in the cold glare of the searchlights. These, the sudden waterspouts of bursting shells and the swift streaks of coloured tracer, threatened the sixth launch with a similar fate.

Past the wrecks

Yet Roder held firmly on his way. Hit several times, but nowhere vitally, he sailed past the guns of the Old Mole blazing at him at a hundred yards range, past the wrecks of his friends, through the stream of projectiles that seemed to bar the way into the Old Entrance and came alongside on the southern quay at about 1.40 a.m. He gave Haines the order to disembark and the eager commandos climbed quickly ashore.

As he waited, Roder was hailed by Beattie and stopped on the port quarter of Campbeltown to take off some thirty of her crew. His mission thus ably and coolly accomplished, he made out into midstream at 1.57 a.m. and began his return passage to the sea at fifteen knots with some forty to fifty men crowded on board the small craft.

One more vessel made for the Old Entrance. This was the spare motor launch, number sixteen, of Sub-Lieutenant N. R. Nock, youngest of all the ML commanders. His main responsibility was to stand by to take off Campbeltown's troops if she should get into trouble; otherwise, he was to manoeuvre to draw fire, to engage enemy guns and lights and to re-embark troops on the withdrawal.

A little way down the river, both engines blew up simultaneously, with severe casualties, and only a few survivors got away alive.

Back in the harbour area, Ryder himself, the naval forces commander, had very little idea of what was happening in those first few fiery moments before he ordered Curtis to take the gunboat in which he had his headquarters into the Old Entrance—and none of what happened in the river in the next hour of anguish and heroism.

Radio out of action

The dazzle of the searchlights together with the bewildering network of tracers, gave him only a partial and uncertain picture of events as the MLs came up towards him, though supposedly he must have seen Tillie blow up quite close to him. Nor was he able to receive any wireless reports, for the gunboat's aerial had been shot away early and the emergency aerial put out failed in its purpose. Indeed the failure of communications was one of the minor lessons of the operation.

To Ryder, therefore, though under considerable strain, there seemed no cause for despondency. Having ordered Roder by loud-hailer to take off Campbeltown's crew (as Beattie also did), Ryder ordered Curtis to manoeuvre the gunboat alongside the landing steps on the upstream side of the Old Entrance, bows out. Here, soon afterwards, the remainder of Campbeltown's crew came running down the steps, carrying or supporting their wounded, and, having given the correct recognition signal as Curtis covered them, were taken on board, crowding it to excess.

About this time Sub-Lieutenant Micky Wynn—"Pop-eye" to intimates—came sailing in with his motor torpedo-boat, last ship of the force. He had escaped trouble, except for a small shell that burst inside the engine-room, putting the centre of the five engines out of action and wounding the motor mechanic all down his right leg.

Covered with blood and oil, in great pain, weary from lost sleep, but filled with courage and determination, the devoted motor mechanic was at this moment actively repairing the engine with the help of the two stokers.

Wynn came alongside the gunboat and on Ryder's orders waited. Ryder meanwhile smiled. He had needed to satisfy himself at close quarters that Campbeltown was truly rammed and sinking. Wynn might still be needed to torpedo the destroyer if she had not struck properly nor been truly scuttled. He reached the caisson and hailed Campbeltown, but received no answer. He could see the fire burning on the [illegible] isle and there seemed no sign of life on board. But the destroyer was clearly sinking at the stern.

Satisfied, he turned to go and was buffeted by the blast of a violent explosion as Smalley's winding house went up, its debris spattering around him. A minute later there was a muffled roar and a shuddering of the earth as he saw a great flash from inside the big pump-house, with sheets of splintered glass from the windows flashing like heliographs in the search-light beams. Soon afterwards a like explosion took his eyes to the north as a winding-hut also went up.

Exhilarated by all this evidence of a brilliant beginning to the operation he returned to the gunboat and told Wynn to fire his Scharnhorst torpedoes at the outer lock gates of the Old Entrance. "Then come back alongside and take off as many Campbeltown ratings as you can. Then straight back to Falmouth on your own at full speed. Make it forty knots, no less."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Wynn manoeuvred his m.t.b. into position and Ryder watched with satisfaction the two torpedoes leap from their tubes through the air like great flying fish, hit the lock gates full pitch and then sink with a splash to the bottom. His centre engine now repaired, Wynn embarked sixteen of Campbeltown's ratings and then took his little craft out on her last passage.

The gunboat followed him out not very long afterwards, where she was to witness a scene of a very different colour.

While the gallant endeavours of those in the starboard column were being extinguished one by one, their fellows on the port column, who were due to land at the Old Mole with the commandos of Group One, were coming up abreast of them.

The mole was by far the more dangerous of the two landing places, being entirely exposed to fire and itself occupied by the enemy. It stood some twenty-five feet above water level at high tide and the only means of access was by the landing steps on the up-stream or northern side of it, or else by the commandos' scaling ladders, on the downstream side there was a dangerous shelving beach.

At the tip of the mole, beside the stumpy lighthouse, a searchlight steadily poured out its beam. Halfway along a twenty-millimetre gun in a very strong concrete emplacement, firing through embrasures, defied all efforts to silence it by the very light weapons which were all that the Charioteers possessed. Immediately inland of the mole a gun mounted in or on top of a strong structure covered the area between the mole and the Old Entrance.

Landings hindered

Landings on the mole were further hindered by parties of the enemy armed with hand grenades and sub-machine guns dropping their grenades or firing their weapons straight down on the deck of any motor launch that attempted to come alongside.

Much of what is now to be recorded was occurring simultaneously with the events of the starboard column, for the motor launches came fast upon each other's heels. All the landings and the attempts to land were over within fifteen minutes of Campbeltown's ram at 1.34 a.m.

Ahead of the port column of troop-carrying boats was one of the torpedo motor launches, commanded by Lieutenant C. S. B. Irwin, a professional merchant service seaman.

Six minutes after the destroyer had rammed, Irwin sustained a direct hit aft which put the steering gear out of action and damaged the auxiliary steering also. The boat began to drift, an easy target for the enemy, and after some ten minutes Irwin decided that he must withdraw. Successfully running the gauntlet of heavy guns at the mouth of the estuary, he made good his passage back to the open sea.

The leading port motor launch carrying troops was commanded by Lieutenant T. D. L. Platt, another experienced merchant service seaman, extrovert and breezy. He was carrying the very important assault party, intended for attacking the Old Mole itself, of Captain David Birney, accompanied by Lieutenant Bill Clibborn, six feet tall, strongly built, very blond, and his dark and athletic troop sergeant-major, Ted Hewett.

As Platt ran up towards the mole both his Oerlikons were knocked out and their crews, together with some commandos, were killed and Clibborn wounded. He put in on the upstream side of the mole, but stopped somewhat short of the landing steps, apparently aground and was attacked from above by small arms and grenades.

Swimming ashore

In a fresh attempt Platt went "Full astern." He got clear but had no sooner rung "Full ahead" again than the engine-room received a direct hit and in a moment was a mass of flames. He drifted round to the south of the mole and there he put some of the wounded on a Carley raft and ordered the remaining commandos to swim ashore before giving the order to abandon ship.

Only Birney, Clibborn and Hewett were fit to swim. Birney was carried down the coast by the strong current and finally reached shore at the extremity of exhaustion. He stumbled up the beach for a few yards, collapsed and died a few hours later in a French house. Clibborn also drifted down and was beached off the boulevard President Wilson.

Hewett was a strong swimmer. He had to fight for his life against the powerful current. One by one he got rid of the heavy loads that were weighing him down as he trod water—his sandbag full of tommy-gun ammunition, his Colt, the hand grenades in his webbing pouches.

He knew from the pull of the current that he might have a long fight, though the shore was not far away. He struck out with all his strength, but began to fail, his strokes feebler and the water entering his mouth. He was in the last extremity when there appeared beside him the vision of Christ walking serenely upon the water. Hewett took the hand outstretched to him, and struck out again with fresh strength.

In a little while now in darkness beyond the play of the searchlights, his hands struck a concrete wall. He reached out and grasped some material that he felt on the wall but it came away in his hand, for it was seaweed. Again he was seized with an attack of

P K

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When you feel tense–
chewing helps you to
relax. Enjoy P. K. daily–
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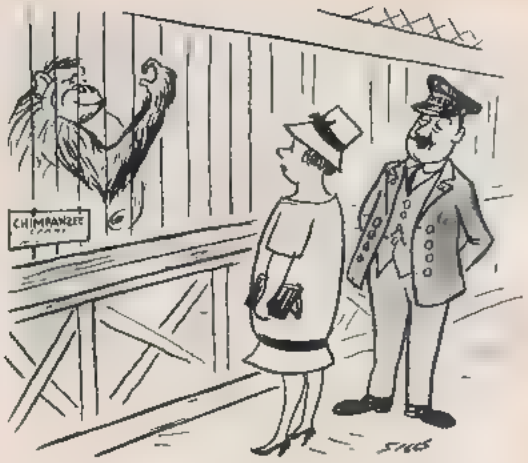
Good to Chew and Good for You!



"He wants to paint you"

The greatest raid of all

continued from previous page

despair as he dropped back into the water, but heard himself being told to go on. He grasped again at the wall, and his hand fell upon the rung of an iron ladder.

There the sergeant-major clung for a few moments. Then slowly he began to climb the ladder that went up the face of the quay. He reached the top exhausted and sodden, and there the Germans were waiting for him. They seized him, threw him down on the quay, kicked him brutally, shouting angry imprecations and drove him away.

The second of the torpedo motor launches was commanded by Lieutenant Tom, or 'Nero," Boyd, the robust, ruddy, Hull trawler-owner. Having no troops, Boyd's business was to be prepared to torpedo any vessel that gave trouble, to give supporting fire to Campbeltown with his antique Hotchkiss to draw fire and look for trouble.

Reaching the heart of the conflict he observed a group of twenty-millimetre guns on top of a building inflicting a good deal of damage. He stopped, and gave them thirty rounds from the Hotchkiss. The place becoming too hot to remain still, Boyd moved on down stream and attacked with his torpedoes a ship near the *avant-port*, but she was not sunk.

Finding his steel helmet too heavy, he changed into a very old and very flat cap, known as his "fighting hat," which his crew preferred to see him wear, as they had a legend that it brought them luck. In this he felt more confident and kept saying 'By God we're still alive."

There was a blinding crash and a cloud of smoke as a shell penetrated to the engine-room. The engines cut out, the ship was plunged into darkness. Boyd thought: *Well, this is it.*

But down below, Stoker Petty Officer A. J. Rice, realizing that the cut was electrical, searched for the break with a torch, found the battery leads severed, joined them up by placing a jack-knife across and the engines cut in again.

Passing the Old Mole, Boyd observed Platt's boat "smoking like hell and with a red glow from the engine-room." As he approached, Platt hailed him. With the utmost boldness Boyd put himself right alongside, between the burning ship and the mole, under the very nose of the enemy, and began to take off survivors. Petty Officer L. S. Lamb and Able Seaman D. N. Lambert one of Platt's hands, though himself hit, went calmly to and fro between the two ships, carrying off the wounded one after another with flames leaping from the doomed craft. The wounded commandos on the raft were rescued also.

Someone went below to search the ship and there found and rescued two bodies in khaki with the water lapping round them. They were Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant A. Seaton and Corporal Ronald Crippin. Last of all came Platt, having examined with Lamb each body that lay on the deck to make sure that none who were living were left.

Boyd went astern into midstream and turned to begin his withdrawal. He had proceeded only a very short distance when he heard three men calling out in the water. He hesitated only for an agonizing moment. Then he gave the order to stop ship, himself seized one of the commando boarding ladders, hung it over the port guard rail, ran down it and pulled the men in.

No sooner had he ordered "Full ahead together" than the ship was "heartily plastered" and several of the rescued commandos were severely wounded, one man having "a splinter through the chest and coming out the other side, leaving a hole you could get your hand in," but nonetheless remaining conscious and talking sensibly until he died. Another burst of fire hit a fire astern and a third hit the engine-room again, but miraculously the boat escaped serious damage.

Making for home

At twenty past two, making only a moderate speed on one engine but taking violent avoiding action, Nero Boyd proceeded downstream through the bracketing waterspouts of the coast defence guns, making his way to the open sea and so home to England.

Next astern of Platt in the port column was the launch commanded by Lieutenant T. A. M. Collier, a fair-haired Scottish yachtsman, quiet and unassuming. He carried a particularly important party—Captain Bill Pritchard, the demolitions expert himself, with his squad of four, a demolition party under Lieutenant Philip Watson. Their task was to destroy the bridge and the lock gates at the northern end of the South Entrance, and their protection squad under Lieutenant "Tiger" Watson, very young and very small, boyish and eager.

As they neared the harbour and battle began, Watson, kneeling at his Bren-gun, spraying the German searchlights, saw on the mole itself a party of Germans running away landward.

"One couldn't possibly have missed them," he said, "but we all assumed that they were surrendering to David

Birney's assault party, especially as they appeared to have their hands up."

With Platt backing out on fire as he came in, Collier gained the mole by a remarkably fine example of cool and able handling, avoiding Platt on his port hand and bringing his ship neatly to the foot of the long steps that led upwards to the land. Clambering over the wall, the soldiers were swiftly ashore and running up the steps.

Collier had no more to do until the signal was given for re-embarkation of the commandos. He therefore made out into midstream and manoeuvred under heavy fire for about half an hour, when perhaps with the intention of awaiting the return of his commandos under the defilade of the quay wall, he swung in again towards the mole.

But he was hit again and again and, catching fire near the end of the mole, was obliged to give the order to abandon ship. This was when his friend, Ted Burt, came to his assistance and, a little distance apart, the two drifted out in flames and presently blew up. Eight of Collier's ship's company were killed.

The remaining four motor launches in the port column were coming up fast on each other's heels at less than a minute's interval, but only one of them got close enough to land and all were forced to withdraw.

The one exception was commanded by Lieutenant N. B. H. Wallis, an Australian, very broad-shouldered, deep-chested, dark and very good-looking, a qualified air pilot and accomplished swimmer. His troops were a small demolition party under Captain E. W. Bradley, a very tall young officer who had seen a good deal of service and who carried a cavalry trumpet on his back. With them were Edward Gilling, a journalist, who remained on the bridge throughout, and the extra doctor, Captain D. Paton.

Impossible to land

Wallis passed Platt backing out from the mole on fire, and as he did so Platt called to him: "Don't go in! It's impossible to land."

But Wallis, coming in at eighteen knots, was unable to conform. He succeeded in coming alongside, while Bradley shot down an enemy party attempting to drop grenades on them from above; but, missing the steps, Wallis found it impossible to land his troops at the twenty-five feet high quay wall. Backing and making another attempt, he appeared to have grounded or struck an underwater obstruction. Since the mole was in enemy hands and Bradley's small party was quite unsuitable to fight an opposed landing, the two officers reluctantly decided to abandon the attempt.

Wallis pulled out, sailed over to the eastern bank to engage batteries and searchlights on that side and withdrew downriver at 2.30 a.m.

Wallis and the three other last launches successfully evaded the fire of the heavy coast defence guns and gained the open sea.

During the greater part of the time that these things were going on, Ryder, the naval commander, was still on board the little gunboat in the partial shelter of the Old Entrance. Somewhere towards 2.30 a.m., after having seen Wynn shoot his delayed-action torpedoes and leave for home, he ordered Curtis to take the gunboat out, in order that he might see how things were going at the Old Mole.

The spectacle that was revealed astounded and, for a moment, dismayed him. "It was the only time," observed Dunstan Curtis, "that I ever saw him momentarily at a loss." Ryder is said to have exclaimed: "Good lord —what the hell do we do now?"

The scenes that have just been recorded were at their culmination. The remains of five motor launches were burning fiercely and even while he looked a trickle of flame began to spread astern of Wynn. Other boats could be seen withdrawing. The black smoke of the conflagrations, the white smoke-floats of boats making their withdrawals and the dust of the explosions ashore drifted across the searchlight beams.

As he quickly appraised this sinister picture, but still hoping that the mole was in our possession, Ryder observed Collier approaching it for the second time, under heavy fire. He saw Collier's boat hit, burst into flames and begin to drift away, and he saw also Burt come in "undaunted" to his aid. He therefore ordered Curtis to take the gunboat in to their support.

At once the gunboat herself came under increased fire, from every quarter, but it was at this time that the skill and gallantry of Able Seaman William Savage and his number two, Able Seaman F. A. Smith, shone at their highest, an inspiration to all. Standing up in the bows at the pom-pom, completely exposed, the burly, bearded seaman and his shipmate engaged, unmoved by the confusion of tracers that spun round them as in a web.

While Curtis closed the mole to within about two hundred and fifty yards, Savage and Smith fought a duel with the specially dangerous gun in the concrete emplacement on the mole itself. So steady was their shooting that they put one or more shells actually within the embrasure of the emplacement. The enemy gun was immediately silenced.

Curtis then directed Savage on to the searchlight that was throwing its beam dead ahead of the mole, but this proved too difficult a target; so also was the gun, silhouetted against the bizarre night skyline, on top of the building just inshore of the mole. A party of Germans was then seen to run down the mole to re-man the gun that had been silenced, but once again Savage, with cool and steady hand, put his little shells right inside.

Meanwhile the gunboat herself, now the last vessel left afloat on the whole scene, was under fire from all directions and being repeatedly hit. Those on board her could see the coloured tracers converging upon them like the spokes of a wheel or like some great display of fireworks. With desolation over all the face of the water, there was clearly nothing more that Ryder could do at the mole. He ordered Curtis to return once more to the Old Entrance in an attempt to make contact with Newman, the military commander, ashore and let him know that there were now no craft left to take his commandos home.

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NEXT WEEK: The Germans close in for the kill

A present for every week

CHRISTMAS gifts for friends abroad present no problem if you take advantage of JOHN BULL's Christmas overseas subscription service. A year's subscription to JOHN BULL is a present that arrives every week of the year. It costs only 34s. 8d. (24s. for Canada). Your gift will be announced by an attractive greetings card bearing your name.

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Make your money work for you

by GEORGE McCARTHY

If you want your nest-egg to maintain its value, beware of risky shares. Put it in savings rather than lose on a tempting tip

YOUNG husbands and fathers become financially virtuous, but reluctantly. Spending is much more fun than saving. Are there pleasant ways of combining both? There are. You can buy the paintings of some undiscovered genius, and wait until the world knows their value, or you can fill your cellar with bottles of wine, believing that every year they will grow in flavour and value.

Unfortunately, these are rich men's investments—and risks. The artist genius can remain unknown for ever, and the wine can go bad. So what is a man to do—the youngish man with a fair income and reasonable hopes that it will expand?

Knowing he must start building some private financial strength, he will almost certainly assure his life. After that, his immediate aim is some security for the money he saves at such sacrifice.

The problem is to get the security. A man I know had to invest, ten years ago, a sum of just over £3,000 on behalf of the orphan sons of a dead friend. He didn't trust his own judgment. He consulted his cautious bank manager. He talked at length with a couple of stockbrokers.

On their undivided advice he bought 3½ per cent War Loan costing £3,035.

Loss on the deal

If the orphans, one of whom is now of age, had sold this gilt-edged investment a few weeks ago they would have realized about £2,010—a loss on the deal, in ten short years, of more than £1,000.

Of course, what the bank manager and the brokers could not foresee was the decline in the value of the pound that has gone on persistently for those ten years.

So where is safety? The obvious choice for a man who does not want to risk his capital is in the wide range of fixed interest bearing investments that are not quoted on the stock market at all. Even in these, though, he must, of course, accept the fact that if inflation goes on, the money he gets after years of saving will be of less value than the hard cash he stowed away.

Should a man, then, buy nothing but equity shares — ordinary shares in business and industrial concerns—on the market, knowing that if he selects well, the shares will rise while money values fall?

I don't think so. The risk is far too great. He must, I think, have some national savings—premium bonds for the fun of them, savings certificates and defence bonds.

His choice, if he is wise, will be to a large extent determined by his income tax bracket. If he is paying the full rate of tax, and especially if he is also paying surtax, the present issue of savings certificates is just about the best-investment in the world.

Sure-fire shares

Still seeking absolute security, he should examine the opportunities of building society shares, or deposits with their interest paid after deduction of tax.

Also, he should examine the unit trust idea if he wants a spread of investments. In choosing a unit trust the trick is to select one that is ably and *cheaply* managed.

How do all these sure-fire investments compete with one another?

They are not, strictly, comparable. savings certificates, for example, do not pay an annual interest. But if the current issue is held for seven years, each 15s. certificate earns £4 3s. 11d., tax free, over the years, or more than seven per cent if calculated on a less-tax basis.

A building society investment is rather different. It pays a regular 3½ per cent, tax paid, every year and you can get a higher rate for long-term deposits. A building society share never loses its value and can be encashed at any time.

Unit trusts, too, are a special case. They can yield anything from four to seven per cent. They are always encashable. And they have a steady "growth" value—that is, £100 invested ten years ago can be worth £300 or more today.

Stock-market tips can be first class; straight-from-the-horse's mouth information means money to the speculator who finds it. But be warned. Few, indeed, are the private investors who get good tips. THE END

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the JOHN BULL and Illustrated Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page.

We advise...

THREE years ago I signed a hire purchase agreement as guarantor for a friend, but would now be unable to fulfil my obligations. I wrote to the company concerned explaining the situation and asked them to remove my signature from the agreement. They refuse to do this.—H. F., Southampton.

● As the agreement was made conditionally on you being a guarantor, you cannot now withdraw from the agreement. However, if the hirer should default in his payments and you have to pay, you could take legal action against him for reimbursement.

A WARM COLOUR?

HOW can I paint my radiator? Is there a special type of paint which must be used?—A. H., Swindon.

● If the radiator has been successfully painted before, you can repaint it with ordinary oil paint.

If it has a metallic finish, or will run at a very high temperature, it would be safer to use aluminium paint.

ALL CHURNED UP

EVERY morning at about six o'clock a milk van comes up our road and makes a considerable noise stopping, starting and reversing. Is there a law prohibiting this?—Mrs. M. B., Weymouth.

● There is no specific law governing such noises made by motor vehicles. The general law is that if anyone makes unreasonable noise at unreasonable times a nuisance is created and the offender can be compelled by court to abate it.

You might complain to the owner of the milk van, but it does not appear advisable in your case to incur legal costs.

BLACK AND WHITE

MY spaniel's nose used to be jet black, but now it has gone almost white. Can anything be done about this?—Y. M. S., Derby.

● The alteration in pigmentation of the nose may have followed damage to the outer skin, in which case little can be done to correct it. Owners have been known to have their pets' noses tattooed.

Alternatively, the paleness may be a result of an illness associated with anaemia, and your veterinary surgeon will be able to prescribe a suitable liver extract.

VILE VIEWING

I LIVE in one of an isolated row of cottages. A neighbour has had television installed and I now get very considerable background noise on my wireless during television hours. Can anything be done to prove that the television is causing the interference, and what is the remedy?—J. P., Liskeard, Cornwall.

● Television receivers generate interference, but models produced in recent years are designed to reduce the radiation to a minimum. Even so, it is possible for interference to be picked up on a radio if it is within a few feet (say, on the other side of a party wall) or if the aerial wires are close together.

The local engineering department of the Post Office will investigate interference and, if necessary, recommend the user of the television set to have it put in proper condition.

It may be, however, that radiation from the set is within the accepted limits.

The easiest solution of the problem may be for you to move your radio a few feet, say, to the other side of the fireplace, and to install a good aerial if you happen to be using only a yard or two of wire indoors.

LOOKING FOR A BILLET

MY army service finishes in a few weeks' time and I have the chance of a job in London. My worry is accommodation for my family. How could I go about finding a house?—Sgt. R. R., Belgium.

● The L.C.C., County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, is the major housing authority for the County of London, but like those of most local councils, its housing list is closed.

General policy is to disperse population and industry to surrounding new towns. The L.C.C. or the Public Relations Officer of the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, Whitehall, S.W.1, can give you information about the new towns.

A list of registered estate agents can be obtained from the secretary of the Chartered Auctioneers and Estate Agents Institute, 29 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2.

BOYS AND THE LAW

MY small son and two other boys broke a bus window. Are we compelled to pay for the damage—the boys are only six years old?—Mrs. B. H., Doncaster.

● Unless your son was under your direct control at the time the damage was done, you cannot personally be held liable for the cost of repairing it.

BARS FOR BABIES

SOMEWHERE I read that when making cots and playpens for babies the bars should not be more than four inches apart. Is this correct?—R. D., Kettering.

● The bars on babies' cots and playpens should not be more than two and a half to three inches apart, according to a recommendation by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.

A PROPER HERB

WE were on holiday in Somerset in July and were given some sprigs of rosemary. Now I find it has dried and gives off a very pleasant smell. Can you please tell me if it can be put in small bags and kept amongst clothes like lavender? Is there any other use for this old-fashioned herb?—F. C., Darlington.

● Rosemary can be placed in a wardrobe in small bags, where its fragrant scent will refresh clothes. But its more general use nowadays is as a herb in the preparation of foods.

In its fresh state it can be chopped, like parsley, whilst the dried leaves are finely ground, similar to sage. It makes a good addition to stuffings, stews and hashes, but should be used sparingly because of its strength.

RECORD RATE

I AM rather keen to get some gramophone records from the U.S.A. which cannot be bought in this country. I wonder if you would tell me what is the normal rate of duty on records?—D. C., High Wycombe.

● Gramophone records may be ordered from America only on a Board of Trade Import Licence, which is not readily granted except in special circumstances.

The import duty is fifteen per cent on records of music, or ten per cent on others. But purchase tax has to be added; sixty per cent of the wholesale value.

NIL DESPERANDUM

CAN you please confirm that before being allowed to enter a university one has to have a General Certificate pass in Latin? Is this also the case before one can win a state scholarship?—R. E. Petersfield.

● This is not so. Entrance requirements vary with different universities, and not all insist on Latin. For example, the University of London does not stipulate it for all its courses. This ruling applies, also, to a state scholarship.

OUT OF BONDAGE

HOW much notice should I have to give if I want to cash premium bonds? If I hold any when I die, could I will them to somebody?—A. F., Long Eaton.

● Premium bonds can be cashed at any time and no notice is required.

On the death of the holder the bonds must be cashed by the executor. They cannot be transferred to another person.

HIDING THE HIDE

CAN I change the colour of a hide settee which is a rather dreary shade of brown? What colour would be best—my room carpet is grey?—Mrs. K. L., Cheltenham.

● There is a flexible leather lacquer called Nuagane which you can paint over leather with very good results.

It costs 6s. for half a pint and is made in twenty-four colours. You can buy it at all branches of Halfords.

I should use sage green for the body of the sofa.

INDIAN SHELF TRICK

MY husband and I plan to fix a shelf eight feet long and about eight inches wide to hold books and a radio. How can we achieve the effect of "no visible means of support" and yet avoid a sag in the middle?—Mrs. M. G. B., Chelmsford.

● Ordinary timber shelving, three-quarters of an inch thick, would be best. Support on battens at either end and fix screws with fibre plugs at two-foot intervals along the line of the shelf.

Drill holes in the middle of the shelf to correspond with the screws.

These screws will provide an invisible support for the shelf.

GETTING TO THE TOP

ON finishing National Service a year ago I was welcomed back by my firm to a clerical job. However, there is still no sign of the training and advancement which the manager said at the time lay open to me. How can I train for a better job?—A. B., Leeds.

● A scheme was launched last year by the Association of British Chambers of Commerce to help young people to train as managers, company secretaries, sales directors and production planners.

It is designed principally for school-leavers, but applicants up to the age of thirty will be considered. They must be good at English and two other subjects.

This entails a five-year course in an office. Any chamber of commerce, youth employment office or technical college will supply details.

WHEN IS A SHED A GARAGE?

CAN you define when a shed becomes a garage and rates must be paid?—Mrs. G. S., Farnham.

● Your shed will be assessed for rates if its superficial (length times breadth) area is more than seventy square feet. The value it adds to the house will also be considered.

Taking off an old coat

BEING a beginner, I would be grateful for instruction on preparing surfaces to be painted. What is the best way of taking off old paint—or is this necessary? Should the surface be washed with sugar soap? — W. W. A., Solihull, Warwick.

● Loose or flaking paint should be removed with a wire brush, rubbed down with sandpaper and washed. If the paint is in reasonable condition wash it down with sugar soap and rinse with clean water.

Polystrippa will remove paint. Brush it on and then remove the old paint with a scraper.

And here's your Fun-With-Words Contest!

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JOY WIRE—WED. NOV. 19—LUMP SUM 1st PRIZE of £1000 CASH IF YOU PREFER

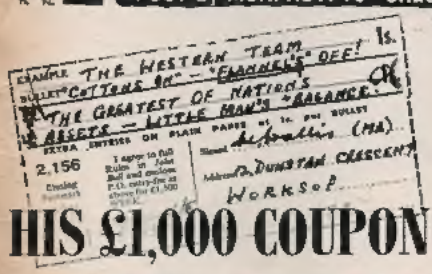
OTHER AWARDS VALUE OVER £500

£50 · £25 · £20 · £15 · £10 £9 · £8 · £7 · £6 · £5 · 10 of £3 PRIZES 50 each value £1-10, 100 PRIZES each value £1

3,000 'Good Shot' Awards

£5 XMAS FEASTS TURKEY, PLUM-PUDDING, ICED CAKE, CHOCS—See coupon

POST by MON. NOV. 10—CHEQUES ARRIVE SAT NOV. 22—XMAS FEASTS ON OR ABOUT DEC. 22


EXAMPLE THE WESTERN TEAM
BULLET "COTTAGE PIE" — "ENGINEER'S OFF!" 1s.
"THE GREATEST OF NATIONS
ASSETS — LITTLE MAN'S "BALANCE"
EXTRA ENTRIES ON PLAIN PAPER AT 1s. PER BULLET
2,156
I agree to full Rules in John Bull and enclose P.O. entry-fee as above for £1,500
Signed A. Wallis (MR.)
Address 2, DUNSTAN CRESCENT
WORKSOP

HIS £1,000 COUPON

WORDS about Britain's greatest asset on that coupon above won a £1,000 fortune for Mr. M. Wallis—the smiling Worksop bank official on right!

Fun With Words gained him £1,000. Now comes *your* opportunity to capture a Giant Christmas First worth £1,250. But it can be yours only if you *enter* for this week's monster array of prizes value over £1,750!

LATEST WINNERS—BULLETS 2,161

£500 plus £100 "Warmth and Comfort" Award: A. Rollo, 21 Herd Crescent, Methilhill, Fife: **The Colour Problem—"Child's Play"—Children Playing**

£25 A. L. Goundrill, 4 St. Paul's Road, Richmond, Surrey: **A Little Bit Of Confucius—In My "Old China"!**

£10 W. J. Davies, "Min-Yr-Allt," Abergavenny Road, Ystradgynlais, Swansea: **That Man, Makarios—The "Brain" Behind Senselessness?**

£9 A. Nash, "High Croft," Fen End, Kenilworth: **In The Economic Battle—"Little Woman"—"Big Bertha."**

[illegible] Mrs. M. R. McDermott, 4 Brough Street, Stockwell, [illegible]: **A Little Bit Of Little—Bit At Little Rock!**

£7 R. R. Nicholas, 40 Fairholme Estate, Bedfont, Feltham, Middlesex: **That Man, Makarios—Conceding Point—Conceding "Dagger"?**

£6 Mrs. A. M. Hemmings, "Malvern," Trevisoe, St. Austell: **A Little Bit Of Luck—With Horseshoe? From "Aerial"!**

£5 C. Mundah, 22 Selborne Gardens, Hendon, N.W.4: **A Little Bit Of Cromwell—Appreciated, In My "Cavalier"!**

£5 J. Treadgold, 70 Prospect Road, Redditch: **That Man, Makarios—Haunting Archbishop Makarios, Sometimes?**

£5 J. Trencher, 13 Barton Street, Golborne, Warrington: **The Morning Arrived And—"Bell" For Another "Round"!**

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *Bullets Bulletin*, two Thermos Bound Vacuum Jugs and 1,590 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1 First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality. 2 Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators. 3 As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross (& Co.), write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 4 Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated December 6), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

{See "Daily Herald," Saturday, November 22 for early news of No. 2,166 result.}

THIS WAY to £1,250

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the winners in the latest result on this page. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any EXAMPLE

The World's Record	A Peaceful Solution
Happier Christmas	Grabbed His Opportunity
Warrior Monty	Hammers, Saws, Chisels
Propaganda Mud	Mother's Way
Man, The Hunter	Holds The Whip-hand
The Conquering Comet	In My Old Suit
Act Of Kindness	Trying To Slim
Came The Dawn And	At The Photographer's
Robbed	Properly Whacked
Deep In The Jungle	Love Knows No Barriers, So

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above

The Work She	Made The .....Go
Fighting For.....	On The Next.....
A Ghastly.....	It Doesn't ....., But

EXAMPLE ..... BULLET ..... 1s.

FS. ..... B. ..... 1s.

EX. ..... B. ..... 1s.

EX. ..... B. ..... 1s.

EX. ..... B. ..... 5th BULLET FREE WITH 4 PAID

EX. ..... B. ..... 6th BULLET FREE WITH 4 PAID

CHRISTMAS FEASTS A £5 Christmas Feast goes to each of the 21 chief winners whose successful Bullet was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,166 Post not later than last collection on **MON., NOV. 10**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee as above for £1,750 WEEK.

P.O. Value.....

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

POST YOUR £1,250 ENTRY by MON., NOV. 10, to: Bullets 2,166, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

WOMAN'S REALM

BIGGEST-VALUE ISSUE OF THE YEAR!

FREE GIFT *inside every copy*

Two Water Lilies LEAF Shampoos

4 Leaves WORTH 10d

A really generous free gift for you! . . . a glistening packet containing **four Water Lilies Shampoo leaves—enough for two lavish shampoos.** Made to a completely new formula, Water Lilies Shampoos leave your hair silky, easy to manage, glowing with soft radiance. **Don't miss this wonderful chance to get two very special shampoos worth 10d. quite free! Go early for your copy!**

EXTRA! 8-PAGE PULL-OUT CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO MAKE

Also in this tremendous issue, instructions for making fifteen lovely Christmas presents including a Swiss apron, a skirt, work basket, table mats and . . .

CUT-OUT TEDDY BEAR PRIVILEGE-PRICE OFFER!

For some lucky child, a lovable Teddy Bear, 14" high, 6/11d. post free. All you do is sew and stuff him.

ROMANTIC NEW SERIAL

Don't miss the opening chapters of "The Intruder" by famous author Mary Howard.

OUT TUES., NOV. 4

WOMAN'S REALM 4D COSTS LESS—SAVES MORE

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Be tingling-fresh!

Brush with Gibbs SR and you'll be tingling-fresh. That tingle comes from SR's Sodium Ricinoleate which protects your gums as well as your teeth. So brush your teeth and gums—morning and night—with SR and your whole mouth will be tingling-fresh . . .

and that tingle tells you

S.R. is good for teeth and gums

TOOTHPASTE